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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY: PROCESSION WAITING OUTSIDE THE NEW LAW COURTS—INDIAN AND COLONIAL TROPHIES.

BIRTHS.
On the 7th inst., at Cell Barnes, St. Albans, the Viscountess Grimston, of a daughter.
On the 10th inst., at Holkham, the Countess of Leicester, of a son.
On the 8th inst., at Mhow, Central India, the Hon. Mrs. J. Pleydell-Bouverie, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
On the 25th ult., at St. Margaret's, Manchester, by the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Hulme, Charles Frederick Richard Simpson, Esq., of Chitwarra, Tirhoot, Bengal, only son of the late Captain Charles Frederick Simpson, of the 8th Bengal Native Infantry, to Constance Jane, eldest daughter of Isaac Hall, Esq., of Manchester, and Castleton, Derbyshire.

On the 10th inst., at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. W. H. L. Gilbert, M.A., assisted by the Rev. E. Capel Cure, M.A., Rector of St. George's, Herbert Tibbitts, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., of Wimpole-street and Highgate, to Arabella, widow of the late Aubrey Russell, and eldest daughter of Charles Dowell; and at the same time and place, William Bowman, of Lee-road, Blackheath, and Cullum-street, City, to Florence Louise, youngest daughter of the above-named Charles Dowell. Indian and West Indian papers please copy.

DEATHS.
On the 2nd inst., at her residence, Elmwood Cottage, Maryon-road, Old Charlton, Sophia Barnes, widow of the late J. E. T. Parrett, Esq., Inspector General of Hospitals, and only daughter of the late Sir John Webb, C.B., K.C.H., formerly of Woolwich, Kent, aged 64.

On the 11th inst., at Hamburg, Henry Fawcus, in his 58th year, deeply lamented by his family.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE WEATHER.											
RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.											
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.											
DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.				
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 a.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.	Inches.
November	4	29.638	46.2	92	8	52.1	37.0	W. SW. WNW.	300	0.845	
	5	29.542	45.6	90	7	48.9	39.3	W. WSW.	231	0.250	
	6	29.180	45.2	42.1	90	8	55.9	40.3	S. WSW. N.	321	0.240
	7	29.555	39.4	38.0	95	8	46.5	31.7	W.	31	0.095
	8	29.705	44.6	39.6	84	7	49.7	40.1	WSW.	155	0.025
	9	29.659	46.0	41.7	86	7	53.0	40.1	WSW.	236	0.010
	10	29.687	42.1	33.3	73	3	45.8	37.8	WSW. WNW.	258	0.000
	* Approximate value.										
	The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—										
	Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.611	29.678	28.945	29.370	29.705	29.661	29.627			
	Temperature of Air	47.4	46.0	55.7	34.8	41.9	39.4	40.8			
	Temperature of Evaporation	45.2	42.3	52.7	33.6	40.8	47.9	38.9			
	Direction of Wind	SW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.	WSW.			

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

Martin Luther has filled the largest space in the history of the past week. It was a happy thought to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of the great Reformer's birth, but no one could have supposed that the tribute to his memory would have been so cordial and universal. The New World has vied with the Old in doing homage to an historical character which, with the exception of St. Augustine—if such an exception be admissible—has been a more prominent figure in the ecclesiastical annals of the Christian era than any man since Apostolic times. The reasons are not far to seek. When Dr. Döllinger, of Munich, was recently asked by some scrupulous persons who are not in communion with the Lutheran Church how they should act, the venerated professor replied that, apart from his religious attitude, Luther's services to the language, literature, sacred poetry, and schools of Germany were sufficiently great and enduring to call for the undying gratitude of all citizens of the Fatherland. It was in this spirit that the venerable Emperor William placed himself at the head of the movement for commemorating the birthday of a national hero, and that every town of Germany, from Eisleben, where the Reformer was born, to the cosmopolitan capital of the Empire, took part in the Festival.

The impulse that actuated the Protestant communions in Austria, Italy, France, Denmark, and even Spain, to share in Sunday's celebration, was of a broader character. Martin Luther is, in their eyes, the champion of liberty of conscience, who, by his dauntless courage and inflexible perseverance, triumphed over ecclesiastical despotism and corruption, and who, in an age of mental darkness and abject servility, confronted Principalities and Powers, made Protestantism a living reality, rescued the Bible from obscurity by his popular translation, and made it free to his countrymen. The Reformation which the intrepid monk inaugurated was the precursor of civil as well as of religious freedom, the blessings of which are the common property of Christendom. If the rough, vehement, and sometimes coarse reformer of the sixteenth century was not immaculate, his failings were those of his time, and the blots that disfigure the career and writings of Martin Luther are of no account in view of the transcendent services he was able, amid many sufferings and vicissitudes, to render to universal humanity.

The invitation to commemorate Luther's birthday was, of course, eagerly accepted in this Protestant land, and by our kinsmen across the Atlantic, who, equally with ourselves, value liberty of conscience, and freedom of opinion. The English movement has been conducted in our characteristically sober fashion. Historical processions, statues, the inauguration of banquets, concerts, and illuminations have been the order of the day in Germany. Here the festival—if such it may be called—was not only divested of any official attributes, but has been mainly limited to public meetings, special services, innumerable sermons, and the issue of countless publications. The Luther literature which has been scattered broadcast through the land will not be less effective than the eloquence of a thousand pulpits in saturating the public mind with the principles illustrated by the life and con-

flicts of the German Reformer. It was well to seize an occasion so appropriate for recalling what England owes to the Great Reformation, and for reviving our interest in the truths that underlie the Protestant faith.

The chief features of the Guildhall banquet on Lord Mayor's Day were, with some exceptions, such as had been anticipated. Lord Mayor Fowler, who earlier in the day had passed through a trying ordeal, was equal to his duties as the host of her Majesty's Ministers. His eulogium upon Mr. Gladstone was not less generous than felicitous. In the absence of any manifesto or political revelations, the Prime Minister's speech was somewhat tame. He was, nevertheless, able to surprise, as well as please, his civic auditors with the announcement that Alderman Knight, who had so worthily presided at the Mansion House, was to receive from her Majesty a mark of personal honour. With regard to the approaching Session, Mr. Gladstone had little to say beyond a mild protest against a premature revelation of legislative measures, and a general assurance that the Government would endeavour "to deal as best they could with the choice of subjects and as to their order, with a view of husbanding the time of Parliament."

The Premier, however, made specific reference to our relations to Egypt. But he only repeated what was already known as to the intention of the Government gradually to withdraw our army of occupation. Three thousand of our troops are forthwith to evacuate Cairo, but as to the withdrawal of the remainder no specific pledge was given. The successful progress of the work of administrative reorganisation, "and that alone," will govern the decision of Ministers. We shall withdraw from the Valley of the Nile when there is a fair prospect of the Egyptians entering upon a new career of self-government. Meanwhile Europe, in whose name we are acting, believes, says Mr. Gladstone, in our freedom from "selfish objects and selfish intentions," and is therefore in no hurry to demand a change in our Egyptian policy.

Our relations with France formed the most prominent topic in the Guildhall speeches. M. Waddington, though unable to announce that the differences between France and China were in train for adjustment, was almost effusive in his expressions of a desire that the cordial understanding with England, which had been preserved for three quarters of a century, should be perpetuated. The policy of his Government was that of holding their own—"nothing more, nothing less"—but free from aggression. His suggestion that whenever "unfortunate accidents occur" they should be discussed "in a spirit of goodwill and conciliation" was illustrated by Mr. Gladstone in his reference to the recent Madagascar misunderstanding, which was settled by the spontaneous action of the French Government. But our Premier's declaration that the best wishes of Englishmen are with France is a phrase that need not be too closely examined. We have no sympathy with our neighbours in their Tonquin expedition, or their aggressions in Madagascar. Seeing that our papers complain that the Prime Minister was too yielding, and the French journals that he was not sufficiently responsive, Mr. Gladstone, perhaps, hit the golden mean.

M. De Lesseps, who was an honoured guest at the Guildhall banquet, avowed that he had crossed the Channel with a view to enter upon personal negotiations with the merchants and shipowners of Great Britain, so that by fair play they may arrive at a complete agreement relative to the Suez Canal. The irrepressible French engineer has since had prolonged interviews with the persons most interested in the subject, and has gone on a roving expedition to Liverpool and Manchester to gather information as to the exact requirements of British merchants, and he will subsequently meet the Associated Chambers of Commerce. Nothing is apparently known as to his real intentions, but so sagacious a man of business would not come to England without a definite practical object. M. De Lesseps must know that his company will not be allowed to construct a duplicate canal, which has become a necessity, without very large concessions to British interests. His object, no doubt, is to discover the "irreducible minimum," and to grant it.

Croydon is a newly incorporated borough, with a rapidly increasing population, and is one of the most important urban districts not as yet represented in Parliament. Since it has acquired municipal institutions there has been a remarkable increase of local zeal on behalf of public improvements and philanthropic agencies. On Tuesday the memorial-stone of a new wing to the General Hospital, a very valuable institution, was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, who met with a brilliant and loyal reception from the enthusiastic burgesses. It was only fitting that at the subsequent luncheon in a town which was once the residence of the Primates of England, the recently-recovered Archbishop of Canterbury should propose the health of "The First Mayor of Croydon" (Mr. J. S. Balfour, M.P.), who was re-elected to that office only a week ago, and that a Royal visit should be regarded as a graceful tribute to the claims of a borough which has entertained no member of the reigning House since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Well stricken in the vale of years, I have never, until this present time of writing, ventured upon the making of a conundrum. In propounding one now—the dire offence will not, I faithfully promise, be repeated—I timorously withdraw to foreign parts until the affair has blown over. Why was Lord Mayor Fowler at the Guildhall banquet on Nov. 9 like Cicero in the Forum as cited by Shakespeare in “Julius Cæsar”? Do you give it up? Of course you do not. The absurd solution is at your tongue’s tip. *It is because he, the Lord Mayor, spoke Greek.*

And Latin too. His Lordship quoted Horace as well as Homer, in the original. Who shall say that the Chief Magistrates of the City of London have, as a rule, a closer connection with the Money Market than with the Muses—with the shop counter than with Parnassus? The classic Fowler takes us back to the days of the lettered and artistic Lord Mayors. Was not the Right Hon. John Wilkes an elegant scholar, was not Lord Mayor Barbor (who erected the memorial of Butler in St. Paul’s, Covent Garden) the friend of Swift; and was not Lord Mayor Boydell a munificent patron of the Fine Arts?

I have read with edification, amusement, and amazement the speech of the Lord Mayor in proposing “The Health of her Majesty’s Ministers.” Among other wise and good things, his Lordship remarked—“The Corporation of the City have no politics. Probably, there is no popular body in whose deliberations politics have so little influence.” Whatever a Lord Mayor says must be right; and it is with deferential deference that I bow my head when the Chief Magistrate asserts that the Corporation of London have no politics. But his Lordship evidently refers to the Corporation in the present. He cannot mean the Corporation in the past, which was nothing if not political. Without going back to the times of the Municipality which sheltered the Five Members from the rage of Charles I.; which, more than a century later, supported Lord Mayor Beckford in bringing up an insolent address to George III.; and which elected the unscrupulous and profligate Jack Wilkes to fill the civic chair simply because he advocated, or pretended to advocate, the cause of liberty against despotism:—without reverting to this very ancient history of the struggle of the City of London against the encroachments of Prerogative, it may be sufficient to remark that there must be several elderly members of the Corporation who can remember the day when the City was furiously Liberal for Queen Caroline and against George IV. Is the name of Alderman Wood blotted out from memory? The Corporation of London unpolitical! Why, I shall be told next that Lord Mayor Sir William Rose, at a Guildhall banquet, never recorded his gratitude to Providence for the fact of a Conservative Administration being in power.

Meanwhile, I am right sorry to read in a morning contemporary that “The Lord Mayor’s Procession of 1883 will be long remembered by those who witnessed it as the first occasion for many years in which the new Civic dignity was received with decided hisses of disapprobation along the entire line of route.” According to the *Times*, “the feeling which prompted the hooting and hissing with which the new Lord Mayor was greeted at many points in the route may be guessed from a remark made by one in the crowd to the person next him—‘That’s Hadley; he ought to have been Lord Mayor; but they passed him over because he’s a Radical.’” “*S’il n’est pas à bon trovato*,” but the people who hissed and hooted Lord Mayor Fowler belonged, manifestly, to the rough portion of the populace; and the rough has, as a rule, no politics. He only wants to make a noise and provoke a disturbance.

Did I ever tell you that at the last General Election at which the candidates were nominated *coram publico*, it chanced that I was passing through Trafalgar-square, where one of the hustings for the borough of Westminster had been erected? I was borne into the middle of the crowd, within what may be called cabbage-stump-shot of the candidate. A hulking brute close to me, in “coster” garb, asked me “who the cove was who was a speakin’.” I told him that the speaker was Mr. Mill. “Ho!” replied the coster; “Lord Mills his it? ‘Ere goes.” And, so saying, he flung, right at the head of the candidate, not a cabbage-stump, but the carcass of a cat. Whether the offal struck the illustrious John Stuart Mill, I do not know. Do you think that brutal coster had any political belief, one way or another? Anybody with a decent coat on his back was a “Lord” to him, and was to be made a “cockshy” of, accordingly.

Celebrity flies fast, nowadays. It is not precisely in the columns of that exceptionally vivacious journal the *Paris Gil Blas* that one would look for a notice of a philanthropic, or rather philogynic movement; yet in the paper in question for Nov. 13 do I find an encomiastic paragraph touching the opening, under the auspices of Princess Christian, in Greek-street, Soho, of “un Cercle de jeunes Ouvrières.” The *Gil Blas* is scrupulous in particularising the *habitat* and attributes of the club:—“Soho, *nom de localité*, for working girls, *pour jeunes ouvrières*.” My contemporary adds that the organisation of the Soho Club for Working Girls reflects the highest credit on “une Miss Stanley,” and adds that Princess Christian, after hearing, with great pleasure, a performance of vocal and instrumental music by the members, inscribed her august name in the club book. “Le Rector de Bishopsgate,” I likewise gather from my Parisian informant, greatly amused his audience by the description of Miss Stanley, “arriving in the city in an omnibus in order to surprise the rich magnates in their dens (*dans leurs antres*), in order to induce them to subscribe towards the foundation of the club.”

There are many thousands of Working Girls in this City of Dreadful Day, as well as Dreadful Night, who would benefit immensely by the establishment among them of Social Clubs analogous to the one of which the initiative has been set, in Soho, by the indefatigable exertions of the Hon. Maude

Stanley and her co-labourers. I do not forget what has been done in this direction by the Flower Girls’ Mission and Brigade; but what the sorest need is for clubs for all sorts and conditions of working girls—clubs which should be at once recreative and (if the members choose to learn anything when the labours of the day are done) educational. Within pistol-shot of my house there is a great factory employing many hundreds of girls and women in the not very feminine craft of making cartridges. These young ladies are generally known in the district as Messrs. ——— “Bull-dogs.” They are honest and industrious creatures enough, no doubt; but their manners, their conversation, and their attire and general “make-up”—especially as regards their mode of dressing their hair—are all susceptible of improvement. There is a prodigious amount of talk going on, just now, about improving the homes of the poor; and the question has been pertinently put as to what avail there may be in placing in new and clean dwellings people whose habits are normally untidy and uncleanly. One of the first steps to be taken in carrying out these loudly-trumpeted “improvements” is to ameliorate the poor themselves, in teaching them to mend their manners, and to eschew (among the females) a *toilette* the most conspicuous features of which are scraps of tawdry finery (not forgetting sham silver bangles and lockets) superposed on hideously slatternly and ragged undergarments. I am not speaking of *demoiselles de magasin*, “little milliners,” and so forth. I am alluding to very poor working girls; and I say that one of the first things that makes an Englishman, when he comes abroad, ashamed of his country, is the disgraceful untidiness and unwashed “dowdiness” of the poor work-girls whom he has left at home in comparison with their poor sisters in Continental cities.

I should have complimented the *Gil Blas* on its display of scrupulous accuracy in letting its readers know that “Soho” was “the name of a locality,” and not a cocked hat, or a fish, or something to drink. Colloquial familiarity with our language is becoming indeed a pleasing characteristic of French journalists. At the same time, it might be hinted to that prolific journalist, M. Alexis Bouvier, that when his “Petite Duchesse” reaches its twenty-third edition (it is already in its twenty-second) it would be as well to spell “tub” with an “u” and not with an “o”—“tob.” The “Petite Duchesse” tells her ladies’ maid (a Hungarian gipsy, with the euphonious name of Fritz Muckasem) that she requires not a bath, but a “tob”; and the “tob,” a magnificent silver one, is duly brought to her. It may be noticed as one of the *nuances* of the amazingly difficult English language, that the vessel in which we “tub” is, on shore at least, usually called, not a “tub,” but a “bath”; and that “to tub” may be considered as a naval-military and covenanted Civil Servant verb, practically introduced into the English language on board the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. Systematic “tubbing” came in with the Overland Route to India; and was so called because, in the outset, the bath was really a ship’s bucket or tub.

Mem.: Sticklers for verbal nicety may maintain that a silver “tub” is a solecism, and that the tub proper, like its congeners, the bucket and kit, must be of wood. A metallic receptacle for liquid would be, on the other hand, a cauldron, a kettle, or a bowl. A pail was wooden. But the increased employment of zinc in the manufacture of domestic appliances has been productive of no little confusion in nomenclature; and possibly M. Alexis Bouvier, having heard of zinc pails and zinc baths, may have arrived at the conclusion that there were silver tubs. I wonder what he would be able to make of the “Tubman of the Exchequer,” or of that “Tale of a Tub,” which has perplexed so many foreign students, not only of Swift, but of other writers who have employed the expression?

Is there really anything the matter with the beer drunk in such immoderately large quantities by the working and labouring classes in this country? I say the “working and labouring classes” advisedly; because as regards the more expensive Bitter Beer, or Pale Ale, I can testify, from personal observation, that it is made of malt, hops, and water, and nothing else, and it is more than twenty years since, in the columns of this very journal, I described all the processes of the manufacture of pale ale at a great brewery at Burton-on-Trent. But there must be something more in the making of ordinary “heavy wet” than we wot of when we read in the daily papers of “an influential and well attended meeting of Kentish hop-growers and others” being held, recently, at the Guildhall, Canterbury, for the passing of resolutions against what is alleged to be the systematic adulteration of beer.

One of the speakers at the meeting referred to said that “many brewers had informed him that they considered the material which they now used to be far superior to the hop, and different saccharine materials a great deal better than the old-fashioned malt” (Derisive cheers). “If so, let them advertise to the whole world that their liquor was not the old-fashioned stuff made of malt and hops, but something greatly superior, brewed from quassia, gentian root, ‘cheratta,’ glucose, sucrose, rice, sulphate of lime, and sulphuric acid” (Laughter).

But there is nothing to laugh at, my worthy Kentish Men or Men of Kent. The allegation made by the speaker at Canterbury is a very serious one indeed. If it be proven, the Legislature should forthwith have something to say in the matter. If it be unfounded, a very cruel stigma has been inflicted on the brewers. It is for them to speak out, and again it is for the licensed victuallers to defend their good name as beer sellers; for I find it stated at the meeting that “no doubt the (the brewers’) trade was greatly impaired by the adulteration which took place after the liquor left the brewery, and that they would brew a great many more barrels in the course of the year, if publicans were prevented from tampering with it and adding a large variety of vile compounds.” I greatly doubt—I vehemently doubt—the “large variety of

vile compounds”; but there is the accusation. The beer-drinking public (of whom I am not one) require the refutation.

What should be the *maximum* of the income which a solicitor should be allowed to make from the practice of his profession? I may say, to begin with, that I have the honour to be acquainted with a solicitor who is currently reported to be making ten thousand a year. But the drollest of controversies is in progress in this momentous matter. There has been quoted the dictum of a learned Judge, deceased, to the effect that no solicitor should be allowed to earn more than five hundred pounds per annum. But how about the barrister, who is “allowed” to make from ten to fifteen thousand—and in many cases does not make twopence halfpenny—per annum? It is maintained, on the other hand, that the calling of the solicitor is much more laborious, and, at the outset, more expensive than that of the barrister. The former must pass a preliminary examination before he can be articulated. Upon his articles, which are for five years, he must pay a stamp duty of eighty pounds. To this must be added a premium of three hundred pounds to the solicitor to whom he is articulated; maintenance during articles, at least five hundred pounds; stamp on admission, forty-five pounds; final examination fees, fifteen pounds; books, at least, two hundred pounds (w-hew!)—total, one thousand, one hundred and thirty-five pounds. A pretty penny.

I wish that some person learned in the law would enlighten me as to the exact distinction and difference between a solicitor and an attorney. It is not vainly or maliciously that I ask the question; and I think that thousands of lay-readers would be grateful for the information which I seriously seek. A long time ago I was under the vague impression that the attorney was the person who was continually serving you with “greetings” from her Majesty Queen Victoria, commanding you to appear within eight days (the time was desperately short) before John Lord Campbell, or some other judicial luminary at Westminster. The “greetings” usually ended in a writ of *fiery facias*, or one of *capias ad satisfaciendum*, and in the attorney selling you up, and playing the dickens with you generally.

The solicitor, *per contra*, you understood to be a vastly more refined and more influential personage, whose principal ministrations were concerned with conveyancing, marriage settlements, raising money on mortgage, and litigation on the largest and most imposing scale. Supposing that he was indeed “obligated to dance a bear”—that is, to serve you with a writ—he did so “to the very genteellest of tunes;” not “Water Parted” or “The Minuet in Ariadne,” but with the copy handsomely printed on foolscap, not on a miserable little slip of blue paper, like the memorandum of a third-class butcher.

Now, unless my memory is going wholly to the dogs, when the Judicature Act was passed, the term “attorney” was formally abolished, and merged in that of “solicitor.” If this be the case, why did the *Times* the other day give the heading “In the matter of an Attorney,” to a long article about unscrupulous lawyers who make ducks and drakes of their clients’ money? I am again unable to understand why a “solicitor” should be considered a more dignified term than that of “attorney.” I am many hundreds of miles away from old Dr. Cowd’s “Legal Interpreter,” or Law Dictionary; but I think I am not in error in stating that the learned authority in question defines the functions of attorneys as very ancient and honourable ones; whereas he speaks of solicitors in terms of comparative contumely, observing that, in the origin, they were the menial servants of the aristocracy.

I see it announced that to the December number of the *National Review* Viscount Cranbrook will contribute an article on “Hereditary Pauperism and the Boarding-Out System.” A great deal more information than we at present possess is urgently needed on both these subjects. In the boarding-out system, especially in the provinces, I have only the faintest scintilla of belief. The homes of our peasantry are the reverse of Arcadian; inspection and supervision on the part of “ladies’ committees,” leads mainly to meddlesome and offensive “Paul-Pryism”; the boarded-out child is only removed from one sphere of evil influences to another; and in scores of instances which have come under my notice as a journalist, the Boarding-out system is mainly conducive to agricultural “Brownriggism.”

With regard to Hereditary Pauperism, that phenomenon is one of the most curious, the most repulsive, and the most hopeless in modern civilisation. Abroad, all over the world, there are hereditary mountebanks, jugglers, and nomads of more or less Gipsy extraction. But the hereditary pauper and the hereditary tramp are, I believe, types of character altogether peculiar to this country. One of the reasons for this persistence in destitution may lie in the fact that we have, next to that of Holland, the oldest poor law in Europe. “The right of existence” for the pauper was recognised by the Statute of Elizabeth; and the hereditary pauper, who is the lineal descendant of the “valiant beggar,” and the “vagrant man,” who was dispossessed of his eleemosynary copyhold at the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. Concerning the tramp, there is, it is to be feared, little more to be said about him than was said, ever so many years ago, in Edin’s “State of the Poor,” save to record the successive and unsuccessful attempts of Acts of Parliament and boards of guardians to deal with him. Men may come and men may go; but the tramp tramps on for ever. The strangest feature in his character is that, although the tramp when hard pressed solicits alms or food, he is not a “mumping” or professional beggar. He is not an impostor. He will, now and again, do a spell of work at hop-picking. But his main object in life seems to be to wander from one end of the kingdom to the other, nocturnally enjoying the hospitality of the casual ward. When that hospitality has rigorous accompaniments, in the shape of temporary incarceration and hard labour, he prudently shuns the rigorous casual ward for a time, and goes on another circuit.

Anent the highly successful Cheap Fish Dinners at the International Fisheries Exhibition I may, in the interests of strict accuracy, make a rectification in the statistics quoted in last week’s paragraph on the subject, by stating that the total number of diners served was two hundred and nine thousand, six hundred and seventy-three, or about fourteen hundred and sixteen per diem, and that the profits amount to more than eleven hundred pounds.

G. A. S.



1. Relative positions of the Mound and the Manor House, Taplow Court.
2. The Excavation, Grave at A, 30 ft. from surface.
3. The Old Yew-tree in 1882, from photograph by Mr. J. Rutland.

4. Silver Armlet-found in the Grave.
5. Gold Band. 6. Gold Wristlet.
7. Gold Waist Buckle.

8. Gold Buckle.
9. Part of Bucket.
10. Ornaments from Shield.

11, 13, 14. British Pottery.
12. Samian Ware.
15. Part of Drinking Horn.

A VIKING'S TOMB, LATELY DISCOVERED AT TAPLOW COURT, NEAR MAIDENHEAD.

At Taplow Court, in that beautiful part of the banks of the Thames above Maidenhead, near the wooded hills of Cliveden, which presents some of the most attractive scenery in the south of England, a discovery of the greatest antiquarian interest has recently been made. The chalk hills on the Buckinghamshire side of the river, here almost precipitous, turn away from the Thames eastward, being the southern extremity of the Chiltern range. At the angle thus formed is a rising ground always called the Bury Fields. The old parish church, which was taken down in 1827, and the last remains of it removed in 1854, stood within a large space recognised as an

ancient encampment, fortified by a fosse or vallum, perhaps a stronghold of Celtic inhabitants of Britain at the Roman Conquest. In later times, it is supposed, during the anarchy of the Saxon invasion, a Norse Viking, or marauding chieftain from Norway, may have led his crew of seafaring warriors so far up the Thames, and may have died in this neighbourhood; for the tomb of such a romantic personage, evidently Scandinavian, has been found at Taplow Court. There is a mound, 13 ft. high and 243 ft. in circumference, which has the remains of a dead yew-tree, with trunk nearly 6 ft. thick, and apparently more than six centuries

old, still clinging to its summit. This mound has been excavated by Mr. J. Rutland, secretary to the Berks Archaeological Society, with the consent of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, of Taplow Court, Lord of the Manor, and of the Rev. C. Whately, Rector; Dr. J. Stevens, of Reading, and Mr. W. Money, F.S.A., of Newbury, as members of the Berks Society, have also lent their assistance. A cutting, 6 ft. wide, having first been made on the north side of the old yew-tree, a shaft was sunk in the mound to the depth of 20 ft., and was thence carried beneath the tree, to unite with a second vertical opening on the north side. The earth was found to contain pieces of bones



THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION NEAR ACCRINGTON.

and teeth of animals, and some fragments of Roman-British pottery, including Samian ware, which the Romans largely imported into Britain. But at the depth of about twenty feet from the top of the barrow its sepulchral character became evident. In the dark brown earth were uncovered lines of gold, and these, on being carefully removed, proved to be the remains of gold fringe, about an inch wide. They lay as if forming the edge of a garment extending diagonally downward from the shoulder across the body. All doubt as to the nature of the interment was set at rest by finding close to this a magnificent gold fibula, weighing about four ounces. In length about four inches, as rich in colour as if just manufactured, enamelled and most richly chased with Scandinavian ornamentation, it seemed to have suffered little by its long entombment. Just below it was the owner's iron sword, heavily rusted in the sheath, and so friable as to break into fragments when it was removed; and near this were two other gold fibulae, smaller in size than the shoulder brooch, but equally beautiful, in one of which was a fragment of stamped

leather. From the impression in a fragment of decayed wood which inclosed this, it seemed as if the upper garment had been composed of woven woollen fibre, gathered round the waist by a leather belt fastened by two buckles, and over all an upper gold-fringed cloak or tunic, fastened on the shoulder by the heavy brooch of gold. On the right of the sword were the remains of an iron knife, probably the "sceax." There were scarcely any traces of bone. The scarce fragments were very friable and broken; but from the presence of numerous decayed fragments it seemed as if the entire body, clad in its full dress, had been covered over by broad planks of wood. Over the middle of the interment was a large pile of archaeological treasure. Underneath was the heavy wood-lined and bronze-plated circular shield, resting on which were two drinking-horns, the small ends of which were encased in gilded bronze, and the mouths encircled by embossed rings of silver. Remains of armillæ, or bracelets, silver-rimmed and of bronze, with deeply serrated edges, lay near; and on the north-west side of the shield were the

relics of a large wooden bucket, lined with richly-stamped bronze. The underside of the shield was strengthened with a ring of iron, as was also the bottom of the bucket. With these were the fragments of at least two vessels of thin, greenish glass, ornamented with parallel horizontal lines, similar to modern "Venetian" glass, and decorated with broad, projecting spikes of glass. Such vessels are known to be of Saxon times. The largest was four inches wide at the mouth and eleven inches high. There was yet another vase of a similar character close to the large gold fibula; but all these were in fragments, and so friable were the remains that it was impossible, even with the utmost care, to remove them other than piecemeal. It is probable, too, that, judging from the number of the bronze and iron fragments, some of them may be found to form portions of a helmet or of body armour; but this is at present merely conjecture. Over the wooden plank that undoubtedly protected these relics—for it was found completely inclosing and covering them—was placed the spear, which in

this case had the point towards the west, and, moreover, had a barbed point, with a very long iron socket. As at present so few fragments of bone have been found, it is almost impossible to define accurately the race to whom the dead chieftain belonged, or the date of the interment. Apparently the body lay a little south of east and north of west, with the head towards the east; and that the decorations are Scandinavian admits of little doubt. The bronze bucket may well be that of a Norseman's ship of war. Even the barbed spear partakes rather of the nature of a harpoon than of a javelin; and its position, with the point towards the feet of the dead, is singular. So complete an example of the method of interment of these early invaders of Britain has probably never been found in the southern counties of England.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman R. N. Fowler, M.P., was installed in office, with the customary formalities and festivities, on Friday, the 9th inst. The procession by which his Lordship was escorted this year, for the first time, to the New Law Courts in the Strand, instead of to Westminster Hall, seemed to amuse the spectators as much as ever. It started from Guildhall at half-past twelve, passed at first eastward, through Threadneedle-street to Bishopsgate-street, returned through Cornhill, and proceeded along Cheapside, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street, to Temple Bar. Our illustrations of some features of the procession were taken while it stood waiting outside or near the Royal Courts of Justice, when the Lord Mayor was being presented to the Lord Chief Justice, and was making the prescribed declaration. The procession contained no men in armour, or meaningless fancy costumes, but it included Grace Darling's boat, a life-boat with its crew, and a rocket apparatus, for saving lives from shipwreck; a trophy of the Fisheries, composed of nets, spars and oars, ropes, buoys, baskets, and other fishing-gear, from the late Exhibition; and several trophies of India and the Colonies, which were original, if not quite appropriate in design. That of "India" consisted of natives standing among palm-trees, with a stuffed tiger above, followed by two elephants; that of "Canada," a backwoodsman, amidst pine-trees and piles of corn-sacks with beavers and bears; that of "Australia," two red-shirted station-hands, with fleeces of sheep and bags of wool; a kangaroo and an emu, and a species of pelican, being perched a little higher. The vehicles upon which these colonial "exhibits" were set up passed along the street; and they were succeeded by one which conveyed what was supposed to be meant as a representation of the supply of frozen fresh mutton from New Zealand. This was simply a row of twenty or thirty sheep's carcasses, hanging up in much the same way as they do at a butcher's shop. The Committee of the Common Council, and others, appointed by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to arrange the procession, had given no sanction to any such exhibition; and it was certainly not provided by any person officially connected with the New Zealand Government Agency. The remaining parts of the procession were of the ordinary character, but there was a greater show of banners than usual, and more bands of music; the engines of the Fire Brigade, with their firemen, and the sailor boys of the Exmouth, made a very good figure. After leaving the Royal Courts of Justice, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Common Councillors, and Livery Companies, with the full procession, went along the Strand to Charing-cross, thence turned down to the Thames Embankment, and returned that way to the City. In the evening, the Lord Mayor entertained her Majesty's Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, the Judges, the members of the Corporation, and a large general company, in the Guildhall. Among the guests were the Prime Minister, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Northbrook, the French and Chinese Ambassadors, and Count De Lesseps. Mr. Waddington responded for the foreign ambassadors, and Count De Lesseps for the distinguished visitors; Mr. Gladstone speaking on behalf of her Majesty's Ministers. Lord Derby returned thanks for the House of Lords, and the speeches have been noticed with due comment elsewhere.

THE ACCRINGTON COLLIERY EXPLOSION.

Sixty-three lives have been lost by this disaster, which took place on Wednesday week, at the Altham Colliery, near the town of Accrington, North Lancashire. There are two coalpits or shafts, the Moorfield and the Whinney Hill, distant 1200 yards from each other, with communication between their workings below. The explosion of gas occurred at half-past eight in the morning, in the Moorfield pit, which is 283 yards deep. A hundred and ten persons, men and boys, were below at the time, when a rumbling noise was heard under ground, followed by a loud report, and a dense volume of smoke issued from the mouth of the Moorfield shaft. The iron plates which form the platform at the top of the shaft were hurled from their place; the cage stopped in its descent, and it was evident that the pit mouth was blocked up. Immediate alarm was given, and an immense crowd of people, most of them women, assembled on the pit bank. Nearly all of them had relatives in the pit, and many distressing scenes were witnessed. A party of volunteers, with the manager and others belonging to the colliery, went down the Whinney Hill shaft, and, by three o'clock in the afternoon, forty-eight survivors had been rescued. All these were more or less burned, and had suffered from the effects of the after-damp; while many had sustained severe scalp wounds and cuts on their limbs, caused either by being thrown down by the shock of the explosion, or falling in their hurried attempt to escape over the debris which blocked the way. They were quickly attended to by a staff of doctors, and most of them were able to go home under the care of their friends. Some of them, indeed, appear to have had miraculous escapes. A subscription is being raised for the benefit of the widows and children of nearly thirty men who perished, and who had wives and families. An inquiry has been commenced as to the cause of the disaster.

As was expected, the arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at the port of Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada, were in excess of the arrivals for the preceding week; the total imports being 1689 cattle, 2201 sheep, 9753 quarters of beef, and 1375 carcasses of mutton.

Christmas and New-Year cards, issued by various publishers, have received from us their due meed of praise; but the palm of excellence is certainly borne off this year, as far as we have seen, by the productions of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, fine-art publishers, of Coleman-street, City. For variety and beauty, combining brilliancy and softness, they are unequalled, and are marvellous specimens of artistic taste and skill. In all, we are assured, over three hundred and fifty complete sets, representing more than twelve hundred distinct designs, are claimants, at moderate prices, for public consideration. Messrs. Tuck may therefore well await with confidence, as they declare they do, the general verdict upon their artistic Christmas and New-Year cards.

MUSIC.

The thirteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society opened well last week (as already briefly announced). Berlioz's "Faust" music had previously been given there, more than once, but the repetition of it now referred to had a special importance, from the co-operation, for the first time, of Madame Albani, who sang the music of Margaret with that refinement and poetical charm to which we have been accustomed in her stage performances as the heroine in Gounod's opera on the same subject. In the legendary "King of Thule" ballad, in the love-duet with Faust, and in the despairing soliloquy in Margaret's chamber, and elsewhere, Madame Albani's performance was of a high order of intellectual and ideal expression. The music of Faust and that of Mephistopheles was, as often before, finely sung, respectively, by Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, the latter having been encored in the serenade. The subordinate music for Brander was again assigned to Mr. Pyatt. The spirited Hungarian March and the fanciful ballet of Sylphs were, as usual, re-demanded. The orchestral and choral effects were of the resonant kind suitable to the enormous size of the South Kensington building. Mr. Barnby and Dr. Stainer occupied their respective positions as conductor and organist. At the next concert, on Nov. 28, Gounod's "Redemption" is to be repeated.

The first Saturday afternoon Popular Concert of the twenty-sixth season took place last week, when an interesting but familiar selection of instrumental music was finely rendered by Madame Norman-Néruda as solo and leading violinist, M. de Pachmann as solo pianist, Mr. Santley as vocalist, and MM. L. Ries, Hollander, Zerbini, and Piatti in the concerted instrumental pieces. Mr. Zerbini resumed his accustomed post as accompanist.

The reappearance of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley at the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts last week drew another overwhelming and enthusiastic audience, each singer having been encored in his songs. The benefit of Mr. A. Gwyllm Crowe, the conductor, is announced for this (Saturday) evening, and the close of the season for Nov. 24.

The Sacred Harmonic Society opened its new season (the second after its re-formation from the old institution, dissolved last year) yesterday evening, with the first performance in London of Sir G. A. Macfarren's oratorio "King David." This work was produced at the Leeds Festival last month, conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who again directed its performance in London.

Three of Mr. John Boosey's attractive "London Ballad Concerts" will be given at St. James's Hall, beginning next Wednesday evening.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. George Grossmith has had the honour of the whole of the theatrical excitement of the week all to himself. The theatres have been plodding busily along, wearing out old programmes and preparing new ones; the dramatic critics have been resting contentedly and training their robust constitutions for a plethora of anti-Christmas plays and a surfeit of matinees, when up jumps Mr. Grossmith, like the amusing little "Jack-in-the-Box" he is, to amuse us with one of his pianoforte sketches, "The Drama on Crutches," with which he delighted society and institutions times out of number last season. It makes a very pleasant afterpiece when "Iolanthe" is over, and when the merry little gentleman has chaffed everybody, from the classic Irving to the essentially modern Corney Grain, Mr. Grossmith takes to chaffing himself, just to show that there is no ill-feeling. I was reading a clever article the other day on the low comedian's face in its relation to a comic actor's success. I do not think, however, that I saw any mention of George Grossmith, who has one of the very funniest faces on the modern stage.

I had a shrewd suspicion that there would be a rush to see "Fédora" directly the last nights were announced. There are some people who invariably postpone a visit to a popular play until the last moment, eagerly hoping that "an order" will come their way; but, this given up as hopeless, they resign themselves to their fate like Mr. Toole's celebrated bore in the Dublin streets, who, having worried him for a week for "a pass" unsuccessfully, put on a martyred air and said, "Well, then, I suppose I must pay!" The last nights of "Fédora" have been crammed to suffocation. Mr. Bancroft was found fairly in his stirrups as Louis Ipanoff, and it is not too much to say that Mrs. Bernard-Beere was stronger, more nervous, and more powerful at the finish than at the beginning of this remarkable run of a cleverly disagreeable work. But, whether the houses are crowded or not, Mr. Bancroft was determined to keep to his bargain with Mr. A. W. Pinero, who, on Saturday week, will have the honour of presenting the first original English comedy to the Haymarket Theatre since the Bancroft management. Hitherto success has been secured by French plays and revivals. Once more the Haymarket is to give us a new and original play that will restore to us Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Stirling, and is said to be full of character and pathos suited to the varied styles of Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Miss Calhoun, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Forbes Robertson (who rejoins the Haymarket company), Mr. Alfred Bishop, and that theatrical wag, Mr. C. Brookfield, who is acquiring a reputation as a green-room Theodore Hook.

Having thoroughly digested and doubtless enjoyed Mr. Pinero's dainty dish, we are to be summoned to a superb dramatic banquet at the Princess's Theatre, when on the Thursday following the long-talked-of "Claudian" will be produced with great splendour. Mr. Herman has constructed the play; Mr. W. G. Wills has enriched it with poetic prose. For my own part, I cannot see that there should be any prejudice against a play that deals with so picturesque a period as Byzantium before its fall; and if some of Gibbon's colour is transferred to the stage, and the story be true and human, all will be well. There have been audiences before now to enjoy Gerald Griffin's "Gisippus": are there not tears and emotion in "The Last Days of Pompeii"? and have we all forgotten "Sardanapalus" in the old theatre in Oxford-street. But "Claudian" is to give us an effect far grander than any in Charles Kean's production of "Sardanapalus." Mr. Wilson Barrett is, of course, the hero; Miss Eastlake, the heroine; Mr. Willard has a short but a fine part of benevolence, and not of villainy; Mr. Speakman has been well cared for; there are charming characters for Miss Ormsby and Mr. Frank Cooper; and great things are expected from Mr. George Barrett and Mr. C. Coote.

The most popular of all living American actresses is to appear in London shortly before Christmas. Mr. Harry Jackson has taken the Opera Comique Theatre; and as his first attraction presents that wonderful little lady Lotta—Miss Lotta Crabtree—who has been the pet of the American public for years, and is reported to have made a handsome fortune. No two people can agree about Lotta, except that she is Lotta. They don't care to discuss her genius, her art, her method, or her manner: they don't choose to compare her with any of the Déjazets, or Chaumonts, or Graniers who preceded or followed her—they simply love Lotta, and "go for

her" wherever she appears in America. She may be a curiosity; at any rate, she is a novelty; and if it be true that Miss Minnie Palmer has watched Lotta with great success, then she must be a very clever lady, with a very marked individuality. Lotta appears first in "Musette," with a mixed American and English company.

The matinee fever threatens to be very severe for the next few weeks. Amongst the most prominent are those of Mrs. Rudolf Blind (Julia or the Hunchback), Miss Lucille Meredith (Phoebe or Billee Taylor), and Miss Nelly Bromley, who ought to make a charming Peg Woffington in Charles Read's "Masks and Faces." The Triplet will be Mr. Hermann Vezin—an excellent choice.

By-the-by, the brother and sister artists of Mr. Hermann Vezin are interesting themselves not a little in a banquet they are arranging for this capital actor, who is ever ready to assist them whenever they call upon his services. Mr. Vezin, that sound and scholarly actor, will appear as Shylock at the Gaiety on Nov. 30, and it is not at all improbable that he will be induced to appear from time to time in several other Shakspearean characters.

C. S.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 14.

The affairs of the Mexican Railway Company have assumed a new and unpleasant phase since I last wrote. The amount of the dividend to be distributed for the half year ended June last (4 per cent) had been anticipated by rumour several days in advance, but that circumstance did not prevent something like a collapse in the price when the official notification came out on Friday. I mentioned, several weeks ago, that a report was current to the effect that the Mexican Government had fallen into arrears with its payments to the company, and it is not at all surprising that this should have turned out to be the case. The point, however, which has caused chief surprise and disappointment is the fact that the working expenses have largely augmented, and in this way led to a loss of 1½ per cent of dividend. The expansion in the charges is said to be exceptional, and one has, of course, no right to challenge the statement; yet it is unfortunate that such an increase should have become necessary or inevitable just at the moment when the undertaking was about to enter on bad times. It may be that the enlarged outlay will not be repeated, and that future half-years will feel the benefit; but this hope is not shared in quarters where the information for some time past has been of a peculiarly reliable character.

In connection with this latter point matter for much grave consideration is suggested. It has long been notorious that the "bear" party have not speculated at hazard or in the dark. As I just mentioned, the dividend was known several days prior to the coming together of the directors for the purpose of fixing it, and if this does not mean that the company's accounts were made accessible to outside speculators it means nothing. It has also long been notorious that the company's weekly traffic has been known to some before being notified to the London office; and an instance is even talked of in which some speculators went wrong in their operations because they acted on the figures of a traffic which, although officially forwarded simultaneously to the company on this side, were yet modified at the last moment by the striking out of some items that represented the carriage of materials for the company's own lines. It is perhaps impossible that the directors should be able to set an efficient check upon the whole staff of officials to prevent disclosures of the company's affairs such as we know have recently been made for speculative purposes, but it may be safely assumed that they will leave no stone unturned to seek out the delinquent or delinquents. I will not repeat the many extraordinary rumours that have reached me regarding these and other matters, which, for aught I know, may be quite untrue; but as I cannot claim to have ears more favoured for such rumours than the directors themselves, it is to be hoped they will not escape official cognizance.

As regards the default of the Mexican Government in their obligations to the company, this may prove only a temporary matter. This, however, must depend wholly upon the fate of the loan negotiations. Unless these succeed, there is an end alike to the further payment of Railway subventions, whether to the Mexican, the National, or the Central Company, and to the resumption of interest payments on the Debt. I do not, from what I can learn, attach much importance to the report that those negotiations have been carried to a satisfactory stage by Señor Rivaz. On the other hand, up to the time of writing the Bondholders' Committee have had no news confirming the statement published yesterday to the effect that the Commissioner has been recalled, and that the efforts to bring about a settlement of the debt have failed. Such a failure would, of course, suggest that the attempts to raise fresh money had ended in a fiasco. The loan has been hawked about the four quarters of the world in a hole-and-corner fashion that promises little good to anybody concerned, and least of all to the bondholders, who have in the end to depend upon a Government whose impecuniosity has rendered it a prey to financial adventurers. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that responsible capitalists, seeing the character of the entourage of the Government, and the discredit its slippery methods have involved, should fight shy of the proposed loan.

T. S.

At a public lecture yesterday week at Dundee, being one of a scientific course established by Mr. Armistead, sen., M.P. for the burgh, it was intimated that Mr. Armistead had resolved to give £2000 to found one or more scholarships in connection with Dundee University College.

A soup-kitchen in Great Windmill-street, Leicester-square, was opened on Tuesday by the Duke of Cambridge. The committee of management have relieved four millions of people during the last thirty-seven years; and they have now erected a new building, which includes a refuge for thirty persons, as well as a kitchen for the supply of dinners to the poor.

Mrs. Elder, of Clarendon House, Glasgow, who several years ago contributed £5000 by way of additional endowment to the Chair of Civil Engineering in Glasgow University, is about to hand over to the Senate £12,500 for the purpose of endowing a Chair of Naval Architecture, to be termed "The John Elder Chair of Naval Architecture."

Sir Charles Dike on Monday visited some of the worst courts and alleys of Shoreditch, in company with Dr. Sutton, the medical officer of the district.—In the evening he presided over a meeting at which it was resolved to form a Philharmonic Society for Chelsea, and made some remarks on the advantages of possessing good choral societies.

Mr. Alderman De Keyser presided at the Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday over the annual festival of the Drovers' Benevolent Institution, the work of which is directed to the aid of such of the distressed members of the class who in their duties have not been convicted of cruelty or misconduct. The subscriptions made up a total of about £400; and the sum of £200 was subscribed to found the additional almshouses, the Alderman adding that he would lay the foundation-stone

THE RECESS.

Mr. Gladstone appears to have pleased almost everybody by his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet. The retiring Civic chief, Mr. Alderman Knight, rose to bow his thanks when the Prime Minister, in his most gracious manner, announced the intention of her Majesty to "bestow upon him a personal honour" (knighthood, it is said). It was in his happiest vein also that Mr. Gladstone thanked the new Lord Mayor for his hospitable reception, and lightly referred to their political antagonism. Had we been permitted to glance over the Premier's address beforehand, the chief heads could not have been foreshadowed more accurately than they were in our last Number. The cordiality and candour of M. Waddington's speech were sympathetically responded to; and the presence of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps gave point to the judicious reference to the Suez Canal, of which the energetic Frenchman was the prime author. As for Egypt, the imminent withdrawal of the British troops from Cairo to Alexandria was mentioned as a step decided on. Though the Cabinet likewise had spokesmen in the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Northbrook, and the Earl of Derby—three of the driest speakers in the Ministry—and, though the toast of the "House of Commons" brought up the Speaker himself, nothing noteworthy fell from the lips of those illustrious personages. Deserving of mention, however, was the fact that the Lord Mayor found the English language inadequate to express his sentiments; and that he accorded to the Sheriffs more prominence in post-prandial oratory than they usually enjoy at the Guildhall dinner.

Beau ideal of a genial Lord of the Manor, Sir Henry Brand would in all probability rather devote himself for the rest of his career to the duties he gracefully discharges as a "fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time." Whether that be the case or not, it is surmised that the interview Sir Henry Brand had last Saturday with certain members of the Ministry had reference to his wish to retire from the thorny cushion of the Speaker's chair. If it be true that the most urbane of Speakers was prevailed upon to retain yet a little while longer the laborious office he has held with dignity and honour, there can be not a doubt the House of Commons generally will be glad to learn the decision. Premature as it would be under these circumstances to consider the claims of members who might be deemed worthy to succeed Sir Henry Brand, it may still be remarked that, with one exception, the names enumerated by some writers would be obviously out of the running to anybody at all acquainted with the prevailing feeling of the House. The exception is Mr. Whitbread, whose scrupulously fair and impartial speeches on delicate points of order are invariably listened to in all quarters of the House with the respect they merit.

We have in the current week had an important Ministerial speech by Lord Northbrook at the Colston dinner; and newspaper readers have learnt how much eloquence was spent on Wednesday and Thursday in lionising Mr. G. Shaw-Lefevre, the First Commissioner of Works, in celebration of his representation of Reading for twenty years. The venerable Lord Eversley, Lord Selborne, Mr. John Walter, and Mr. John Morley were among the shining lights secured for the Reading Liberal demonstration. Mr. Fawcett was also well posted as a "star" of the first magnitude. With lustre, however, had the Postmaster-General shone on the eve of Lord Mayor's Day in the populous Parliamentary borough of Hackney. Addressing his constituents, in company with Mr. J. Holms, at the Shoreditch Townhall, on the 8th inst., Mr. Fawcett showed, by figures, that the Parcells Post was a remarkable success, the number of packages now carried being at the rate of 21,000,000 a year. Dealing with general politics, Mr. Fawcett did not see why a County Franchise Bill and a measure for the reform of the Municipal Government of London should not be passed next Session, and was inclined to give the London Municipality Bill precedence over the "reform of local government generally"; he declared "that those who run may read that the time is not far distant when the question of disestablishment will occupy a prominent position in English politics"; he favoured Miss Octavia Hill's plan for the erection of self-supporting dwellings for the poor; and he stoutly adhered to his Liberal views with regard to India. In fine, Mr. Fawcett afforded welcome proof of his complete recovery from his dangerous illness.

Principal speaker at the Anchor dinner on Tuesday in commemoration of Edward Colston, the Bristol philanthropist, Lord Northbrook replied to the toasts of "The Navy and Army" and "Her Majesty's Government." The noble Earl made good use of the knowledge of India gained by him whilst Governor-General in justifying the Ilbert Bill, which, he said, would really give no more native jurisdiction over Englishmen in India than this:—

A district magistrate will have the power to sentence Englishmen to imprisonment for from three months to one year, or to a fine, which may extend to 1000 rupees, or to both. An Englishman convicted by a district magistrate has a right to appeal to the Sessions Court or High Court, at his option; and, if convicted by the Sessions Judge, an appeal lies to the High Court. All trials at the Sessions Court are tried by a jury or by assessors, and an Englishman has the right of insisting that not less than half of either shall be English or American. All more serious cases are triable only by the High Courts.

Mr. Lowther celebrated the Colston anniversary at the Dolphin banquet by wholesale condemnation of every action of the Government. He vigorously dealt out sharp reproofs to the Ministry for their surrender to "the wildest demands" of the "most arrogant Chauvinists" (i.e., the Lowthers of the Paris boulevards) in the matter of the Suez Canal; censured Lord Derby for throwing a "wet blanket" over the aspirations of the Colonies, and deplored the attempt to "degrade the English representatives of her Majesty throughout the Indian Empire," and the threat "to degrade the suffrage" at home. The same evening, Mr. Chaplin, addressing a large Conservative meeting in the Oldham Co-operative Hall, confidently argued that it would be idle to introduce a Franchise Bill next Session, inasmuch as it would then be necessary to extend the measure to Ireland, and it would be plainly impolitic to play further into the hands of those Irishmen who desired to "compass the separation of the two countries."

A star in "the East!" There is good hope at last that the misery of the slums in the East End of London will be alleviated. The Earl of Shaftesbury (whose life-long and self-sacrificing work as pioneer in the cause redounds to his honour) on Saturday last laid one of the memorial-stones of the new Tower Hamlets Mission Hall in the Mile-end-road; and emphatically said it was the duty of the Government and of private individuals to combine to "get rid of this mighty evil" of over-crowding. On Sunday, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Rev. Prebendary Capel Cure gravely referred to the warnings contained in Mr. G. R. Sims's article in the *Daily News* on "Horrible London." And the Government, stimulated to action at the eleventh hour presumably by the Marquis of Salisbury's timely paper on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings," have this week found it advisable to dispatch Sir Charles Dilke on a voyage of discovery to the wilds of the East End. The evil being at last realised, the remedy may be near at hand.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION.

The four-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, at Eisleben, in Prussian Saxony, was celebrated last Saturday, not only in that little town, where our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, attended for this Journal, but in almost every city of Germany; Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Hamburg, Hanover, Coburg, the Baltic towns, and even those of the Rhineland and Bavaria, making a grand national festival. At Vienna, as well as at Munich, the Protestant part of the citizens assembled for special religious services commemorative of the occasion, and also held meetings and heard addresses upon the subject of Luther and the Reformation. Proceedings of the same character took place among the German, English, and other Protestant residents in Paris, Brussels, and most of the Continental capitals. Meanwhile, in London, at Exeter Hall, Lord Shaftesbury presided over an inaugural Conference, at which addresses were delivered by the Dean of Chester, the Rev. Professor Stoughton, and others, followed in the evening by a meeting for special religious services. On Sunday, there were sermons preached with reference to this occasion by the Archbishop of York, at Westminster Abbey, the Rev. Canon Farrar, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Rev. Stanley Leathes, at Kensington parish church, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, at Exeter Hall, and other ministers; and there were evening lectures upon Luther at many Dissenting Chapels. The proceedings at Exeter Hall were continued on Monday and Tuesday, with the reading of historical papers and essays, the passing of congratulatory resolutions, and the singing of Luther's hymns in German as well as in English. There were special religious services and meetings in many provincial towns of this country, and also in the United States.

Our Special Artist, before arriving at Eisleben for the festival of Saturday last, had been at Wittenberg, to attend that of the 366th anniversary of Luther's burning the Pope's Bull, on the 31st ult.; and at Worms, in Hesse-Darmstadt, to witness the representation of the grand historical drama, "Luther," before the Grand Duke and his Court, in a Protestant church of that city. Illustrations of these proceedings, with the scene of "Luther before the Diet of Worms," and the torchlight procession at Wittenberg, appeared in the last Number of this Journal. The preceding Number, that of Nov. 3, contained the Portrait of Luther, by Holbein; an interesting series of views of the places associated with his life; a drawing, by Mr. R. C. Woodville, of the capture of Luther by the Saxon Knights in the Thuringian forest; and drawings of some of the Luther relics at the British Museum, making a Special Supplement.

We have now to describe the solemnities and festivities at Eisleben. That sequestered, old-fashioned place, situated about twenty miles west of Halle, in the copper-mining district of Mansfeld, near the Hartz Mountains, has less than fifteen thousand inhabitants, but at least thirty thousand visitors came to Eisleben upon this occasion. It is nearly the geographical centre of that portion of Old Saxony, now annexed to the Kingdom of Prussia, which contains, with the Saxon Duchies of Weimar and Coburg-Gotha, most of the places associated with Luther's home life and labours; Wittenberg, Magdeburg, Erfurt, and Eisenach, with the Wartburg, being distant each some fifty or sixty miles from this centre, roughly speaking, north and south, or east and west. This country is the very heart of Germany, and it was the cradle of the Protestant Reformation. The Emperor-King, William I. of Prussia, could not leave his capital, but attended, with the Crown Prince, a special commemorative service at St. Nicholas Church in Berlin, and received the first copy of a new revised edition of the German Bible. At Eisleben, his Majesty was represented by the Prussian Minister of Worship, Herr von Gossler, while the Court Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Kögel, and Assistant-Chaplain Frommel, represented the heads of the Lutheran clergy. These dignitaries, escorted by the municipal authorities of Eisleben, went in procession to St. Andrew's Church, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Frommel; after which, at noon, the ceremony of unveiling a statue of Luther was performed in the Market-place.

The statue is of bronze, 9 ft. high, standing upon a pedestal of polished green Swedish granite. The sculptor, Professor Rudolf Siemering, has represented Luther holding the Pope's Bull with the seal of Leo X., which he is about to cast into the fire, while his left hand presses the Bible to his heart. On four sides of the pedestal are bronze bas-reliefs, which represent, in front, the conflict of an armed Angel with a figure beaten down, symbolical of Antichrist; and on the other sides, Luther disputing with Dr. Eck, Luther translating the Bible, and Luther with his wife and children. Around the Market-place were spacious galleries erected for the spectators, and a hundred banners were ranged about the monument; triumphal arches spanned the streets of approach in each direction, and the whole town was decorated with flags, wreaths, and garlands. The house in which Luther was born, and the house in which he died, were visited by multitudes of people; and the pulpit of the church where he sometimes preached was adorned with flowers.

Dr. Funk, the Burgomaster of Eisleben, is entitled to great commendation for the manner in which the local arrangements of this festival were conducted. His wife is a lady of English parentage, and we have to thank him for much assistance kindly given to our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, who left Eisleben on Saturday afternoon and arrived in London early on Monday morning. Herr Wilhelm Beckmann, of Düsseldorf, historical painter, to whom our Artist is also indebted for many details of information, designed and superintended at Eisleben the whole arrangement of the grand procession, with costumes and equipages of the sixteenth century accurately reproduced, and beautiful in scenic effect. Herr Beckmann's great picture of "Luther before the Diet of Worms" is placed in the room where Luther died.

The ceremony of unveiling the Luther monument preceded the entry of the procession, and did not occupy a very long time. In the midst of a vast assemblage, such as may never before have been collected in that little country town, after the singing of "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," by the church choir, Herr Martin, on behalf of the municipality and subscribers, delivered an address, after which the blue and white covering was removed, exposing the sculptor's work to public view. The hundred banners were lowered in honour of the illustrious author of the Reformation, and a second hymn was sung, "Lobe den Herrn, den mächtigen König," after which the Berlin Court Chaplain addressed the people, offered a prayer, and gave them his blessing. The Burgomaster accepted the custody of the monument, the "Luther Denkmal," in the name of the town of Eisleben. The choir sang another hymn of Luther's, "Nun danket Alle Gott," the music of which is familiar to worshippers in every Protestant congregation throughout the world.

Meanwhile, the grand procession had formed in a neighbouring street, and it now passed through one of the triumphal arches, to the strains of a military band. It was an imaginary representation of the reception of Luther by the Counts of Mansfeld and the town of Eisleben, at his last visit to his native place, in January, 1546, a few weeks before his death. The cavalcade was led forward by mounted heralds, followed by trumpeters, the herald of Eisleben, and the banner bearers

of the Counts of Mansfeld. Next came huntsmen with cross-bows, falconers with well-trained hawks, and knights with their esquires, clad in the picturesque garb of the period. A herald in the service of the Count of Mansfeld, accompanied by a large body of knights of the district of Mansfeld, wearing magnificent costumes, announced the approach of a group representing Counts Albrecht and Gebhard of Mansfeld, with their wives, sons, and daughters. Then came the banner bearers and Court marshals of Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt, huntsmen with packs of hounds, mounted trumpeters in armour, and more Court marshals; and then, after his banner bearers, Count Schwartzburg, accompanied by his wife and daughters. The carriages were attended by footmen with long poles, to lift them out of the ruts on the bad roads of those days. Following the councillors and other town authorities of Eisleben, wearing their insignia of office, came Martin Luther, seated in a richly-decorated gala carriage of antique fashion, drawn by four horses, belonging to the Counts of Mansfeld, the great Reformer having at his side his friend Justus Jonas, of Halle, and his three sons, Johannes, Martin, and Paul. Then followed citizens of Eisleben in holiday attire, and a number of trades' guilds, clergy, singers, and scholars, one party gaily dressed, another party in the garb of poverty, miners and peasants, with armed landsknechts or feudal retainers, making in all above 700 persons in the procession, with 200 horses. The variety of dresses, the harmonious arrangement of colours, and the freedom and propriety of gesture with which they moved, were such as to afford a beautiful spectacle. At night the "Te Deum" was sung before the Luther Monument; and the festivities concluded with a general illumination of the town. A telegram was received and read during the ceremonies expressing the warmest sympathy of the Crown Prince with Martin Luther's native town on this memorable day.

Our Special Artist contributes also a Sketch of the interior of the room in which Luther was born, at Eisleben, which has already been described, with the table-ornament of a metallic swan, and his inkstand; and two more Sketches from Wittenberg. One of these represents Luther and his wife Catherine sitting together in his room, on the curious old double seat at the old table, which form part of his furniture still preserved in the apartments he occupied so many years, in the building then devoted to the University, but originally the Augustinian Monastery of Wittenberg. The other illustration is that of Luther's tomb in the Schloss-Kirche at Wittenberg. Mr. Simpson says:—"I expected to see a monument in a prominent position in the church, and on entering looked round, expecting to find it. The young lady who had the key of the church brought a second key, and opened a wooden trap-door in the stone floor. A few inches below the surface there is a bronze tablet, with an inscription in Latin. There is a portrait of Luther on the wall of the church close to the tomb. At the opposite side of the church is another trap-door, where Melancthon is buried; his portrait is also placed close to the tomb. The two tombs are about the middle of the church, and almost on a line with the door on which the celebrated Theses were nailed by Luther's hand."

THE COURT.

At her Majesty's latest Council, Parliament was further prorogued to Dec. 19, and the Convocations of Canterbury and York to the following day. Captain Brown, Lieutenant Boyd, and Lieutenant Fraser, 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, from the detachment at Ballater, lunched at Balmoral last Saturday, and were afterwards presented to the Queen. The Rev. Colin Campbell, minister of the parish of Dundee, performed Divine service at the castle on Sunday, her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Irene of Hesse being present. After lunching at Balmoral, Mr. Colin Campbell was presented to the Queen. The Earl of Kintore, Sir John Clark, the Rev. Archibald Campbell, Miss Murray Macgregor, and Mr. Charles Lennox Peel have dined with her Majesty. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse, arrives to-day (Saturday) at Windsor Castle.

The anniversary of the Prince of Wales's forty-second birthday, which was duly honoured throughout the country, was celebrated, as usual at Sandringham, in the entertaining of the labourers and retainers on the Royal estate at dinner. Prince Albert Victor came from Cambridge to join in the birthday rejoicings, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Landgrave of Hesse, and Prince Louis of Battenberg being of the house party. A county ball was given in the evening by the Prince and Princess in the new ball-room, for which a large number of invitations were issued. The customary meet of the West Norfolk Hounds took place at Congham House the next morning, all the Royal party, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, being present. Prince Albert Victor returned to Cambridge in the afternoon, and the Landgrave of Hesse left for town. The Crown Prince of Portugal arrived on a visit. The Royal family and the guests attended Divine service on Sunday at Sandringham church, the Rev. E. Heseltine, curate of West Newton, and the Rev. E. W. Blore, vice-master of Trinity College, Cambridge, officiating. The Royal party broke up on Monday; the Prince, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Crown Prince of Portugal, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the rest of the guests, leaving for their several destinations. The Prince on his way to London was met at Cambridge by his son, and the Crown Prince of Portugal remained for the day with Prince Albert Victor. The Prince on his arrival in town visited Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and in the evening he left for Banff, on a visit to the Earl of Fife at Duff House. A hearty greeting, both at Banff and Macduff, was accorded his Royal Highness on his arrival, and addresses were presented. The local Volunteers formed a guard of honour, and at night the district was ablaze with bonfires. The shooting party breaks up to-day (Saturday), when the Prince returns to Sandringham, where the Princess and her daughters have remained.

Croydon was en fête on Tuesday, upon the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, who laid the memorial-stone of the new north wing of the Croydon General Hospital, to be named the "Royal Alfred" wing. After the ceremonial, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury took part, his Royal Highness was entertained at luncheon, under the presidency of the Mayor, at the Whitgift Grammar School. The Duke and Duchess were at the St. James's Theatre in the evening, and on Wednesday they left Clarence House for Eastwell Park.

The Cathay, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on board, passed Suez last Saturday.

The Duke of Cambridge opened a soup kitchen in Great Windmill-street, Leicester-square, on Tuesday; after which he went to Edinburgh to take part in the ceremony of placing various old colours of the Scottish Regiments in St. Giles's Cathedral.

The Crown Prince of Portugal has been busy sight-seeing during his stay in town, and he has also been entertained at dinner at Clarence House and Gloucester House, as well as by various members of the Cabinet. The Prince went on a visit to Eastwell on Wednesday.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION IN GERMANY.



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF LUTHER, ON SATURDAY, NOV. 10, IN THE MARKET-PLACE, EISELEBEN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Nov. 13.

The political meteorologists are again discovering dark points on the horizon. The visit of "our Fritz" to Madrid, and the supposed Hispano-German alliance, appears to the prophets of evil to coincide, unfortunately, with the sending of troops to Tonquin. And now, to make matters worse, the French representative at Tangiers was stoned and insulted last Saturday, naturally "at the instigation of Bismarck," whose influence in Morocco is supposed by the French to have become very considerable during the past few years. The machinations of Bismarck and the isolation of France are the great subjects of preoccupation, so far as the civic apathy of the French allow them to be preoccupied about anything. In the Chamber, awaiting the discussion of the Budget, the question of the Communistic organisation of Paris has been debated, and M. Sigismond Lacroix's proposition rejected by 379 votes against 110. M. Anatole de la Forge's amendment, supported by M. Floquet, for establishing a central mayoralty at Paris, and giving the city full municipal franchise, was likewise rejected by 281 votes against 206. And so Paris will continue to be governed differently from the other towns of France, out of consideration for the turbulent nature of its inhabitants.

"Have you seen the electric tramway?" "Are we on the eve of a revolution in motive power?" Such are the questions you hear in the streets and read in the newspapers. What does it all mean? Simply that that irrepressible financier, Simon Philippart, whose fiasco of the Banque Européenne has still to be liquidated, is putting his energy into an Anglo-French enterprise, the "Métropolitaine Electrique Compagnie," for the exploitation of the Faure accumulators. In a shop on the Boulevard Montmartre the application of the Faure accumulators to small machinery is shown to the public, some electric cars are running experimentally on certain lines, and . . . shares of the new company are for sale. The new company professes to run tram-cars fifty per cent cheaper by electricity than they are now run by horse-power. The Faure accumulator is the novelty of the day.

The publishers are inundating us with new books of more or less importance. Calmann-Lévy has issued the third and final volume of the late Paul de Saint-Victor's work, "Les Deux Masques." The present volume is devoted half to the French stage from its origin down to Beaumarchais, and half to a careful and detailed study of Shakspeare's genius and works, which will be read with interest by English Shakspeareans. Gustave Droz, the amiable and witty author of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," has broken a long silence by a charming volume of mundane philosophy and impressions entitled "Tristesses et Sourires," which take the form of an old grandmother's diary. Amateurs of Japanese art will read with pleasure a little volume by M. Philippe Sichel, published by Dentu, and entitled, "Notes d'un bibeloteur au Japon." M. Sichel relates the story of a journey through Japan, in 1874, in search of *bibelots*. It is interesting to compare the observations and experience of this expert merchant with the wild theories about the archaeology and history of Japanese art propounded by M. Louis Gouse in two magnificently illustrated quartos, just published by Quantin. M. Gouse's book, however, makes itself welcome by its finely-executed plates.

Dr. Charcot, the inventor of "nevrose," was yesterday elected, by 47 votes out of 59, member of the Academy of Sciences, in place of the late Baron Cloquet.—Another instance of the importance of the theatre at Paris. M. Henri Meilhac's author's rights for the month of October amounted to 49,000f. This present month will produce even a larger sum: for the revival of "La Vie Parisienne" at the Variétés, of "La Petite Marquise" at the Gymnase, and of "Carmen" at the Opéra Comique, have added three more pieces to the author's October list, which included "Frou-Frou" at the Porte Saint Martin, "Ma Camarade" at the Palais Royal, and "L'Eté de Saint Martin" at the Comédie Française. Finally, last Thursday afternoon the Fargueil benefit produced upwards of 39,000f. And with all this wealth Paris is full of misery and sickness: poverty and mortality continue to progress out of all proportion to the progress of the population. T. C.

King Alfonso has conferred the Order of the Golden Fleece upon the Mikado of Japan.—The Spanish Finance Minister has issued a circular in which he states that the Budget, for the first time for many years, shows a surplus.

The Empress of Germany left Baden-Baden on Monday for Coblenz.—The Prince Imperial left Berlin on Thursday, proceeding, via Munich and Genoa, to Barcelona. Thence he goes on his promised visit to King Alfonso at Madrid.—Festivities were celebrated yesterday week in Berlin at the University in commemoration of the fourth centenary of Luther's natal day.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria left Berlin on the 9th inst. by special train for Vienna.—The Hungarian Delegation passed the estimates of the Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 7th inst., much satisfaction being expressed in the preceding discussion at the existence of an Austro-German Alliance. Last Saturday the ordinary and the extraordinary army estimates and the grant for the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina passed through the stages of general debate and discussion of clauses in the Hungarian Delegation; and on Monday the Austrian Delegation adopted the ordinary and extraordinary army estimates without debate. On Tuesday the committees of the Austrian and Hungarian delegations came to an agreement with regard to all the divergent resolutions of both bodies.

The Greek Chamber was opened on the 8th inst. by M. Tricoupi, the Premier.

Several wealthy inhabitants of Boston, United States, have subscribed 50,000 dolrs., as a permanent endowment for their well-known Institute of Technology. It is to be called the William Barton Rogers Fund.—Madame Patti made her first appearance last Saturday in the New York Academy of Music, the opera being Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra." She sang to a crowded and brilliant audience, and secured complete success. Madame Nilsson sang in "Faust" at the New Opera House the same night, also before a full house.—A fire has occurred at Shenandoah, in Pennsylvania, by which 250 families have been rendered homeless, the loss being estimated at a million dollars.—A hurricane has swept over the northern and western portions of the United States and part of Canada, causing serious damage and several casualties.

Usibepu is reported to have suffered defeat, with heavy loss, in two engagements with Zulu tribes.

In opening the Queensland Parliament, at Brisbane, yesterday week, Sir Anthony Musgrave, the Governor of the colony, stated his belief that a firm and united expression of opinion on the part of the Australian colonies would lead to the annexation of New Guinea being carried out. His Excellency also announced that the finances of the colony were in a sound condition, and promised the introduction of a number of bills of local importance. The Queensland Ministry has resigned, and the Hon. Samuel Walker Griffith has been charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Though it cannot be said that the interest taken in the Liverpool Autumn Meeting ever flagged to any great extent, still next year it may be deemed advisable to curtail the fixture, as three days are really quite sufficient for any gathering at this season of the year, when both men and horses have had about enough of it. The runners for the Cup just went into double figures; and, at the finish, there was so much covering money in the market for Boswell (8 st. 3 lb.) that he started as good a favourite as anything, and achieved a tolerably easy victory from the unlucky Tonans (8 st. 12 lb.), who always encounters something just good enough to beat him. Hackness (8 st. 10 lb.), who must have cost her party an immense deal of money this autumn, was again fourth; but Bendigo (8 st. 11 lb.) cut up very badly, and probably has not yet recovered from the effects of his severe race for the Cambridgeshire. The Irish division had a very satisfactory time at their favourite fixture, for May Boy, Freney, Zitella, Too Good (twice), and Dog Fox, all won races. The two-year-old racing was not of much importance, though we may note that Quilt (7 st. 13 lb.) credited Sir George Chetwynd with the principal nursery, and the popular Baronet, who has been anything but "a favourite of fortune" this season, had two or three other winners.

Corrie Roy walking over for the Queen's Plate was not a very promising opening for the Shrewsbury Meeting; but there were capital fields for the remaining events on Tuesday. We need not, however, allude specially to any race except the Great Shropshire Handicap, in which Medicus (6 st. 11 lb.) was afforded a chance of redeeming the character he lost in the Cambridgeshire. The public stuck to him manfully, and he again started favourite, but performed worse than ever, for he never looked in the least dangerous, and finished the absolute last. St. Vincent (6 st. 7 lb.) led at the distance, where Thebais (8 st. 12 lb.) passed him, and won in very easy style by three lengths; Picador (6 st. 4 lb.), who had no price in the quotations, being third on sufferance. The result of the Shrewsbury Cup, run on the Wednesday, was somewhat of a surprise, as Mr. Victor's Donald, by Albert Victor—Flora Macdonald (five years, 6 st. 13 lb.), beat the favourite, Corrie Roy (five years, carrying 9 st. 2 lb.), cleverly by a length. Lord Rosebery's Vista (four years, 6 st. 12 lb.) was a good third. The winner, strange to say, did not commence his racing career until he had attained the age of five years, and at present has an unbeaten record with several winning brackets.

The Thames Hare and Hounds tried a complete novelty last Saturday, in the shape of a handicap by weight, instead of by starts. It proved an unqualified success, the winner, E. M. Wilson, carrying 17 lb., and covering a mile and seven furlongs in the capital time of 11 min. 17 sec. The first prize was presented by Mr. Walter Rye, the president of the club.

MR. HENRY COOK'S WORKS.

Mr. Henry Cook, the artist long resident in Rome, to whose courtesy and kindness many visitors to that city will bear witness, and to whom this Journal is under obligations for services rendered, has opened an Exhibition of his recent works in an upper room of the Egyptian Hall, which has been tastefully fitted as a "Drawing-Room" for the occasion. The collection includes works in oil and water colours: portraits, landscapes, and sketches, testifying to a wide range of sympathy and observation. So long has been Mr. Cook's stay in Rome—he was there with Gibson and Macdowell, and in the good old days of the Caffè Greco—it will naturally be expected that all or most of his works have reference to the Italian capital. But it is not so. These "recent" works show the artist errant from the city, and even the land of his adoption: of the 120 items in the catalogue, only about ten relate to Rome. These, however, have special interest. They comprise the famous view of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, with St. Peter's in the distance seen from the right bank of the Tiber, and under sunset effect; together with the temples of Jupiter Olympus and Minerva Medica, and ruins on the Campagna. There are also a study of Fortuny's studio taken at his death, and an unfinished full-length portrait of Cardinal Howard—the type of a Prince of the Romish Church, and, we may add, the beau-ideal of an Englishman in presence. Venice and the north Italian lakes have evidently been the favourite fields of recent sojourn. In addition to interesting sketches, there are finished pictures of San Giorgio, seen at the rising of the August full moon; and of the cortile of the ex-monastery of St. Gregorio, with the soaring domes of Santa Salute closing the view. We do not remember to have seen this effective subject—the difficult perspective of which is, by-the-way, admirably understood—represented before; it reminds us, however, of one, in the same kind, still more striking, and which should be more often painted. We allude to the extremely picturesque view, from the cloisters, of the cupolas of the Duomo at Padua. Then there is an extensive series of Swiss views, chiefly in the Engadine, notably the Valley of the Roseg, the Piz Corvach, and "Chill October in the Engadine." And besides these there are views in the Tyrol, together with a series of Scotch scenes, comprising Loch Awe, and Ben Nevis; several Welsh views, and subjects from elsewhere in England. By an original sketch for "The Battle-field of San Martino," dated 1859, we are reminded that Mr. Cook painted several pictures for the late King of Italy, and the artist has been so *bien vu* by the Italian Court that the title of *cavaliere* has been conferred upon him. As a painter Mr. Cook has remained unaffected by the influence of Fortuny and his followers at Rome. He is what the painters of that school would term a "chiaroscuroist." If his technical accomplishment is not of the highest, he evinces the feeling and perceptions of an artist variously and well; and his drawing-room is well worth a visit. T. J. G.

The trial of Joseph Poole, on the charge of having murdered John Kenny, in Seville-place, Dublin, in July, 1882, was concluded in the Commission Court of that city on Tuesday. The jury, after remaining in deliberation more than an hour, were unable to agree, and were accordingly discharged. Poole is to be put on his trial again.

A curious discovery has been made on board her Majesty's ship Sultan, at Portsmouth. Commander Curzon Howe having missed a watch and chain, for the theft of which an Admiral's messenger is now in custody, the kits of several men were searched, and the collar of the great-coat of a sentry was found to be lined with sovereigns. How long they had been there, or to whom they belonged, was unknown to him.

There were 2497 births and 1556 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 290, and the deaths 175, below the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 37 from measles, 60 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 19 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, 34 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 27 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 from simple cholera.

CONTINENTAL ART NOTES.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF GRAPHIC ART IN VIENNA.

Vienna bids fair, before many years, to be in a position to dispute with Paris the honour of being the finest city in Europe. She is proceeding rapidly with the widening and beautifying of her streets within the Ring Strasse, round which ran the old rampart, fosse, and glacis of Vienna, and presently she will, with reason, lay claim to being literally a City of Palaces.

But while building new museums and public edifices of almost unrivalled splendour, the drilling of her soldiers goes on apace, not in the limited yards of closed-in barracks, but in grand open places before the eyes of those most interested—viz., the people. The costume of the recruits, while under drill, is of the most sensible and serviceable kind. A soft blue cap with peak, a loose blue jacket fastened round the waist with a belt, close-fitting pantaloons of a worsted-like texture, and strong, broad-toed, lace-up boots form a fatigue dress worthy of Garibaldi. But, although they often go together, and one ought to be, perhaps, as much the measure of a country's civilisation as the other, it is not with arms we have to do in this article, but with arts—the arts of engraving and of graphic reproductions generally.

The idea of this International Exhibition of Black and White, originated with the famous Vienna "Society for Reproducing Works of Art," whose President is the Chevalier de Wieser, and acting manager, Mr. Richard Paulussen. With the active aid of the Imperial family, and the hearty co-operation of the leading artists of every city from St. Petersburg to New York, these gentlemen, though their labours are by no means yet finished, seeing that contributions continue to come in daily, have succeeded in bringing together such a collection of engravings, etchings, &c., in single plates, in volumes and great folios as most fully and absolutely to represent the current state of the graphic art throughout the world.

The collection fills some twelve or fifteen spacious rooms in the Künstlerhaus, a handsome classic building, with certain Renaissance features, belonging to the Association of Viennese artists, in which they hold their exhibitions and festivals, and situated in one of the handsomest parts of Vienna, a few yards off the Opera Ring. The building possesses more hanging space than the Royal Academy of England, and in its appointments and details is much more decorative.

The number of exhibits amounts to nearly 3000, the greatest contributor being Germany, with nearly a third of the whole; then Austria, with about a sixth; France, with an eighth; and England, with about a tenth. America, Belgium, and Russia have each over a hundred examples; while Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland have each less than a score.

One of the most remarkable features in the exhibition—a perfect achievement in the graver's art, and one to be placed alongside of the lamented Mandel's "Sistine Madonna," just finished by one of his best pupils—is the magnificent plate—about forty inches by thirty—of Raphael's "School of Athens." Its author, Professor Jacoby, now of Berlin, but formerly of Vienna, was a pupil both of Mandel and of Henriquel Dupont, and commenced the plate about a dozen years ago. For suavity and purity of line and perfect loyalty to the refined spirit of the original fresco, this engraving is everything that could be desired; and the collector of the future—nay, of the present—may well deem himself a happy man if he can turn to his favourite portfolio and produce therefrom an early impression of so remarkable a plate.

It cost in production some three thousand pounds, yet the subscribers to the Society's annual volume on the fine arts—itsself a magnificently illustrated work—who are of five years' standing, are each entitled to a gratis copy. We have gone over very carefully the other publications of this society, and have no hesitation in awarding them the very first place among the reproducers of works of art. The very fact of their having originated and carried to a successful issue an exhibition of such international importance and magnitude is more than enough to secure the confidence of every art-lover.

But though we can, in this exhibition, point to rare productions by masters of the modern school—the Henriquel-Duponts, Bertinots, Walmers, Herkomers, Klausens, Stangs, and Jacobys—and marvel at the size and excellence of their plates, these men, it must not be forgotten, had their fore-runners. In England last century Sir Robert Strange and his immediate successors, were their works placed side by side with those of contemporary times, would be no unworthy companions of the men we have named.

In wood engraving, for example, this is particularly the case. We have often occasion to be struck with the size and character of the double-page plates produced by the modern illustrated newspaper press—invidiousness which we are accustomed to measure by inches. What would our readers think of a wood engraving which may be measured by feet, or even by yards? Yet such is the character of a woodcut executed three hundred and sixty-eight years ago. It is nearly four yards high and about three yards broad, and the design required for its execution thirty-six blocks. The artist was Albert Dürer, and a magnificent impression from his own blocks, all of which are in possession of the Emperor of Austria, now adorns the walls of the Exhibition. Some of these are, from the lapse of nearly three centuries, cracked, and the various cracks come out palpably, but not unpleasantly, in the great paper impression before us.

The subject of this portentous woodcut is a Triumphant Arch in honour of the Emperor Maximilian I. The edifice may be divided into five members or compartments, which group themselves into a stately mass, richly Renaissance in style, with a curious Gothic element running through it.

The central arch of the three is round-headed and lofty, its height being more than four times its breadth, and is not without a certain elegance of effect. On each side is a flanking arch not above half the height, and the various members of the composition are combined by pillars, panels, and the like; and kingly portraits, armorial bearings, and battle-pieces are scattered decoratively all over the façade, the old German legends and explanations being so set forth as to enter into the scheme of adornment. Trophies and grotesques, as a matter of course, are abundant, and the top of the central compartment is crowned by a dome-like structure, while zodiac-looking circles (in the centre of each hanging the golden fleece), with their finials, flank the towers on either hand. Although rather odd, it is by no means without dignity.

Another great wood engraving is Albert Dürer's "Triumph of Maximilian." It is in two long strips each of about twenty feet by two; and there enter into the composition not only knights and men-at-arms, marching by fours, but bears, camels, oxen, pigs, deer, all help to swell the triumph and lend variety to the conception. Reduced copies of these will be given to the subscribers to the "Year Book of Art," which is published under Imperial patronage. Indeed, it was at the command of the Emperor, who spends large sums annually on art reproduction, that Count Crenneville had these and the first thirty fine engravings mentioned in the catalogue sent to the Exhibition.

What the modern works are, and where England stands in relation to other nations, must be reserved for another article.

J. F. R.

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.

A folio volume, elegantly printed, which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, contains the series of fine engravings of Gustave Doré's powerful designs to illustrate that weird and mystic piece of imaginative poetry, *The Raven*, by Edgar Allan Poe. These engravings, twenty-six in number, are mostly the work of eminent foreign hands, H. Claudius, F. Jüngling, W. Zimmermann, Tietze, Staudenbaur, and others, with Messrs. F. S. King, T. Johnson, Frank French, and R. Hoskin. A commentary upon the poem, by Mr. E. C. Stedman, shows true critical insight, and presents an interesting study of the character and genius of Poe, who has his admiring readers in England as well as in America. "The Raven," we are told, first appeared in 1845, in a magazine called *The American Review*, and was regarded as "the product of a nervous crisis." Its peculiar rhythmic structure is believed to have been imitated from Mrs. Barrett-Browning's poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"; but the motive is perfectly original. The subject was congenial to the author's mood of feeling, and to his conviction that eternal sadness, caused by the vanishing of beauty, is the highest source of poetic inspiration.

There is no poetry, or literature of any kind, high or low, in the superb volume which next demands our notice, but it is an exquisite work of decorative art. This is the *British Army Album*, published by Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho-square, and dedicated to the Royal Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal the Duke of Cambridge. It is designed to contain the photographs of officers, and there is an obvious fitness in providing such a special receptacle for military portraits; but we should recommend that all the portraits to be placed in this book should be those in military uniform. A few of the pages, as well as the frontispiece, are adorned with colour-printed designs representing different groups of British soldiery, with the flags of some famous regiments, general officers and their staff, buglers, drummers, and pipers, cavalry and artillery, with tents and landscape background. The cover, which is massive and very handsome in dark red leather, with gilt clasp and key, is embossed with a representation of the front of the Horse Guards.

Messrs. Field and Tuer, whose "Leadenhall Press" is prolific in revived examples of antique typography and wood-block printing, have issued a delightful edition of Joseph Crawhall's *Chapbook Chaplets*. It contains eight of the old popular ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, "The Barkshire Lady's Garland," "The Babes in the Wood," "I know what I know," "Jenny and Nancy of Yarmouth," "The Taming of a Shrew," "Blew-Clap for Me," "John and Joan," and "George Barnewel," printed on thick, coarse grey paper, with the cover to each as a separate "chap-book," and with rude woodcuts, mostly coloured as if by hand, which we presume are copied from the ancient originals. These have a good deal of rough vigour and racy humour, and are curious studies of costume; some of the head-pieces and tail-pieces have artistic merit. The illustrations to George Barnewel (the story dates from 1624, or earlier) are awfully droll. "The Taming of a Shrew" is a ferocious piece of marital cruelty, wholly unlike Shakspeare's version of the affair. The same publishers have reprinted, for one shilling, a delightful little treatise on witches, wizards, conjurers, fairies, and goblins, with the marvellous tale of Jack and the Beanstalk, which are collectively entitled *Christmas Entertainments*, or "Round About a Coal Fire," as sold in 1740. This little book is capital fun, and the woodcuts are worthy of the text.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, of Jewin-street, have produced a companion volume to their "Sixes and Sevens," which is called *Told in the Twilight*, consisting of brief stories in verse, by F. E. Weatherly, with illustrations tastefully drawn by M. E. Edwards and J. C. Staples, some of them finely and delicately printed in colours, others printed in sepia tint. The table of contents is likewise ornamented with tiny coloured drawings which give a notion of the different subjects, and the book is very prettily got up. Two separate publications, *The Men of Ware* and *The Maids of Lee*, are somewhat more original in subject, being comical ballads (also by F. E. Weatherly) with grotesque designs by W. J. Hodgson, the fun of which is by no means childish, but racy and strong enough for a mature palate. The verses have, we think, been set to music, and will be capital for singing.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington publish several colour-printed works of high merit and beauty. *Perseus, the Gorgon-Slayer*, illustrated by Mr. T. R. Spence, the story told in fair English verse by Mr. W. J. Gordon, more especially deserves this commendation. The designs are bold, classical in style, and full of animated expression; the colouring is pure, and the decorative borders are not less elegant. Every scholar knows the romantic fable of the rescue of Andromeda when she was chained to the rock for a prey to the sea-monster. *Up Stream*, also in verse, written and illustrated by R. André, is a poetical retrospect of past ages of British history, which evinces no small degree of imaginative power, and the pictures are splendid; the range of subjects, indeed, extends back far beyond the Ancient Britons and Druids, to the Siege of Troy, the Egyptian Pyramids, and the World before the Flood. Many English boys, however, may prefer *The Boats of the World*, delineated in a series of woodcuts, with a descriptive commentary "by one of the craft." *The Story of Siegfried*, recast by Mr. James Baldwin in a forcible prose narrative, is accompanied with designs by Mr. Howard Pyle, six in number, which are of more than ordinary merit.

From Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co. we receive Hans Andersen's engaging tale of *The Snow Queen*, with coloured pictures designed by Mr. T. Pym, who draws children almost, but not quite, as well as Miss Greenaway, and who has a rich vein of humorous fancy. He is followed in the invention of *Outlines for Little Painters* by Miss Helen Miles; and children who are fond of using the paint-brush will here find easy and attractive work on rough paper of a porous texture, not easily smeared, in finishing many subjects of an interesting character.

Messrs. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday have brought out an edition of *La Motte Fouqué's* noble and chivalrous story, *Sintram and his Companions*, with engravings drawn by Mr. Heywood Sumner. A work of still greater interest, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, illustrated by the late David Scott, F.S.A., is produced by Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, with a memoir of the gifted artist, and with a commentary upon the wondrous poem of Coleridge, and on David Scott's very powerful designs for it, by the Rev. Dr. A. L. Simpson, of Derby.

In the way of original story telling, a little book called *Snow Dreams*, by Jessie M. E. Saxby (publishers, Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.), merits our favourable notice. "The North Wind and the Snow," "A Story of King Christmas," "Auntie's Snow-Dreams" (with snow-pictures and snow-songs), "A Queer Hive," and "The Giant's Pie," are interesting, as well as diverting stories; the engravings are drawn with a free hand, but are roughly effective.

The annual volumes of *Chatterbox* (Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.), the *Friendly Visitor* and the *Infant's Magazine* (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), the *British Juvenile Album* and the *Price for Girls and Boys*, also the *Dawn of Day* (Christian Knowledge Society), have made their appearance, keeping up their former reputation.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Years and Years," song, by A. L. Mora, is melodious and flowing, in pleasing waltz rhythm; "When my Jim comes Home," by Theo. Marzials, being a song in which homely sentiment is well expressed. They are published by Messrs. Boosey and Co., from whom we also have some other vocal pieces that will be welcome in drawing-room circles, especially the following songs—"The Owl," by Stephen Adams; "The Promise of Love" (a Seville love-song), by W. Fullerton; "Waggon Bells," by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff; "Highwayman Jack," by Herbert Reeves; and "Only once more," by F. L. Moir.

From Messrs. Boosey we have likewise some bright piano-forte music—"Camp Life," a spirited march, by Sir Julius Benedict; and two effective fantasias by Jules de Sibrai, "The Sister Isle," in which Irish airs are ingeniously elaborated, and "Come if you dare," a brilliant arrangement of English airs, including that by Purcell, from which the fantasia takes its name.

Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. contribute some pleasing vocal music to the drawing-room repertoire. The duets (for soprano and contralto) "Round the Fire" and "Autumn," by Ciro Piusati, are graceful pieces of two-part writing, in which the voices are well combined and contrasted; and similar praise may be bestowed on Mr. A. J. Caldicott's duet (for the same voices) "Beneath the Wave." The song "Before the Morn," by F. L. Moir, has a flowing melody, lying within moderate compass; indeed, all the pieces now referred to are free from technical difficulties. "Voices of Home," by A. S. Walter, and "The Silver Cloud," by C. Banks, are songs that may also be commended.

"The Children's Island"—song by Alice Borton—Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. The serious and pathetic tone of the words of this song (by T. M. Watson) is well reflected in the music, which, although simple and easy, is melodious and fluent, and is available by a most any voice, while being especially suitable to a mezzo-soprano of expressive quality.

"How to Learn the Pianoforte," by Emanuel Aguilar—Groombridge and Sons. This little treatise—published at an almost nominal price—is the work of a distinguished pianist and successful teacher of his instrument. The five chapters of which the book consists are replete with sound advice, the first chapter comprising rules and remarks given by some of the most renowned masters of the past; the others being the condensed results of Mr. Aguilar's own extensive experience.

"Ecco della Sicilia" is the title of a collection of fifty popular national Sicilian songs, collected and transcribed by Signor F. P. Frontini. They are given with the original words in the local dialect, and a text rendered into pure Italian. There is much distinct character, with melodic grace and charm, in most of the pieces, and the book forms a valuable contribution to national music. It is handsomely printed and engraved, at a moderate price.

On the application of Lady Westmeath, the Dublin Chancery Division has appointed her Ladyship guardian of the fortune of her son, the present Earl of Westmeath, a minor.

St. George's, Hanover-square, was on Wednesday morning thronged by a fashionable assemblage to witness the marriage of Mr. Shaw-Stewart, son and heir of Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, and Lady Alice Thynne, eldest daughter of Lord Bath.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has agreed with the Banks of England and Ireland that the dividends on the 2½ per cent stock shall, after the payment of those becoming due on Jan. 5 next, be payable quarterly, instead of, as at present, half-yearly. The first quarterly dividend will become due on April 5 next.

The fifty-third anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society took place on the 7th inst. in St. James's Hall, the subscriptions amounting to £2000.—On the following evening the forty-ninth anniversary festival in aid of the Metropolitan Beer and Wine Trade Asylum and Benevolent Fund, Nunhead-green, Peckham, was held at St. James's Hall, the subscriptions, including over £400 on the chairman's list, amounting to above 1200 guineas. A ball followed the dinner.

Frederick J. Moriarty, a young man, said to be a clerk, was on Tuesday brought up at the Marlborough-street Police Court charged with discharging a revolver in Pall-mall and wounding Mr. Hwfa Williams, a gentleman living in Cumberland-place. The prisoner, when apprehended, did not deny that he had fired the weapon, but said he was merely practising just getting his hand in; and three or four chambers of the revolver found on him were loaded. He was remanded, with the intention to have inquiry made into the state of his mind. Mr. Williams, who was shot in the right thigh, is progressing fairly well, but the bullet has not been extracted.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 24.

SUNDAY, NOV. 18.	
Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity. Morning Lessons: Hab. ii. Heb. xi. 1-17. Evening Lessons: Hab. iii. i. Zeph. iii; John vi. 1-22. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Preb. dary McDowall; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Gregory; 7 p.m., Rev. Henry Blagden. St. James's, noon.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Astley Cooper; 3 p.m., Rev. Canon Prothero. Whitehall (for Royal Association for Deaf and Dumb), 11 a.m., the Bishop of Colchester; 3 p.m., Rev. J. Watson Eyre. Savoy, 11.30, Rev. Prof. Momerie; 7, Rev. R. Rhodes Bristow.
MONDAY, NOV. 19.	
Asiatic Society, 4 p.m., Mr. H. A. Salmons on Importance to Great Britain of the Study of Arabic. Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor Marshall's Demonstrations; and on Wednesday and Friday.	British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., Mr. E. C. Robins on the Fittings of Buildings for Applied Science and Art Instruction. London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. S. B. J. Skerthly on Anthropology.
TUESDAY, NOV. 20.	
Statistical Society, 7.45 p.m. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8, discussion on Mr. W. Hackney's paper.	Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m. Tread-ear Agricultural Show (two days).
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21.	
Moon's Last Quarter, 1.44 p.m. The Princess Royal of Great Britain and Imperial Princess of Germany born, 1840. First London Ballad Concert, St. James's Hall, 8 p.m. Bankers' Institute, 6 p.m., Mr. D. Chalmers on the Bankruptcy Act, 1883. Geological Society, 8 p.m. Meteorological Society, 7 p.m.	Dialectical Society, 8 p.m., Dr. Alice Vickery on Marriage, &c. Architectural Association, 6.30 p.m., Mr. R. J. Tarver on the History of Architecture. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., address by Sir William Siemens, chairman. Provident Surgical Appliance Society, anniversary dinner, Cannon-street Hotel, 6 p.m. Manchester Races.
THURSDAY, NOV. 22.	
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. London Institution, 7 p.m., Mr. S. B. J. Skerthly on Anthropology.	Telegraph Engineers' Society, 8 p.m. Parkes Museum, 8 p.m., Mr. George Murray on the Potato Disease.
FRIDAY, NOV. 23.	
Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m., Professor R. Kerr on the Law Business of Architects.	Quekett's Microscopical Club, 8 p.m. Royal Academy of Music students' concert, St. James's Hall, 2.30 p.m.
SATURDAY, NOV. 24.	
Botanic Society, 3.45 p.m.	Physical Society, 3 p.m.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL RICHARDSON ROBERTSON.

General Robert Richardson-Robertson, C.B., of Tulliebelton and Bellathie, county Perth, J.P. and D.L., Colonel 3rd Dragoon Guards, died on the 1st inst., at Edinburgh. He was born Nov. 14, 1809, the third son of James Richardson, of Pitfour Castle, by Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter and co-heir of James Stewart, of Urrard, and through his mother succeeded to Tulliebelton, the inheritance of a branch of the Robertsons of Lude. He entered the Army in 1826, served in South Africa in command of the expedition against the insurgent Boers, and was also in command of the 7th Dragoon Guards in the Caffre campaign, 1846-7. He was given the Colonelcy of the 3rd Dragoon Guards in 1866, and attained the rank of full General in 1875. General Richardson-Robertson married, first, Sept. 20, 1850, the Hon. Maria Rollo, daughter of the eighth Lord Rollo; and secondly, March 29, 1869, Lady Julia Louisa Leslie-Melville, daughter of the Earl of Leven and Melville.

GENERAL LAWRENSON.

General John Lawrenson, Colonel of the 13th Hussars, died on the 30th ult., at the age of eighty-three. General Lawrenson obtained his first commission in the Army as Cornet in the 17th Lancers in November, 1818, of which regiment he ultimately became Lieutenant-Colonel commanding. He commanded the 17th Lancers in the Eastern campaign of 1854-5, including the cavalry affair of Bulganac and the battle of the Alma. In July, 1855, he was appointed, with the rank of Brigadier-General, to the Heavy Brigade, consisting of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Dragoon Guards, and the 1st, 2nd, and 6th Dragoons, which he commanded at the battle of Tchernaya. He succeeded General Sir James Scarlett in the December following in the command of the British cavalry in the East, which command he held until the return home of the army in 1856. He had received the medal with two clasps, the Sardinian and the Turkish medals, and the fourth class of the Order of the Medjidie. For several years he held the post of Inspector-General of Cavalry at head-quarters. He was appointed Colonel of the 13th Hussars Dec. 10, 1868.

DR. SWABEY.

Maurice Charles Merttens Swabey, D.C.L., of Langley Marish, Bucks, J.P., one of the leading Advocates in the Probate and Divorce Court, died on the 2nd inst. at his residence near Slough. He was Chancellor of the Dioceses of Oxford and Ripon. Dr. Swabey was born Aug. 11, 1821, the eldest son of Mr. Maurice Swabey, of Langley Marish, Barrister-at-Law, by Frances, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Charles Clowes, of Delaford, and was grandson of Maurice Swabey, Chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester, by Catherine Bird, his wife, granddaughter of John Henry Merttens, of Ketton, Suffolk. He received his education at Westminster, and graduated at Christ Church, Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1848, and soon gained a considerable practice at Doctors'-commons. He published, in conjunction with Dr. Tristram, the well-known Reports which bear their names. He married, March 26, 1856, Mary Katharine, eldest daughter of John Haggard, LL.D., Chancellor of Winchester, Lincoln, and Manchester, and leaves three sons and two daughters.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles Greaves, C.E., the well-known and able engineer, President of the Meteorological Society, recently.

Paymaster James B. E. Soden, R.N., one of the few survivors of the battle of Algiers, on the 5th inst., at his residence, Sutton, Surrey, aged ninety.

The Hon. Mrs. Charlotte Oliphant, daughter of the eighth Lord Elibank, and widow of Mr. W. Henry Oliphant, on the 5th inst., in her seventy-fifth year.

The Rev. Paul Johnson, M.A., one of the oldest clergymen in England, on the 29th ult., aged ninety-four. He graduated tenth Wrangler in 1811; was for many years Rector of Bunwell, Norfolk, afterwards of Sidestrand and Overstrand.

The Dowager Lady Sondes, widow of the fourth Lord Sondes, and daughter of Sir Edward Knatchbull, Bart., on the 30th ult. She was married in 1823, and became a widow in 1874. Her eldest son is the present Earl Sondes.

The Rev. William Herrick Dyott, forty years Vicar of Austrey, Warwickshire, on the 26th ult., in his seventy-fourth year; second son of the late General William Dyott, of Freeford, Staffordshire.

The Hon. Lady Forbes, Dowager, of Craigievar (Charlotte Elizabeth), on the 5th inst., in her eighty-third year; widow of Sir John Forbes, seventh Baronet, of Craigievar, mother of the present Baronet, and daughter of General Lord Forbes.

Major Alexander Innes, of Raemoir and Dunottar, Kincardineshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 29th ult., at his seat, Cowie House, near Stonehaven; a descendant of Innes of Edingight, and a considerable landed proprietor in the county in which he resided.

Captain William Henry MacNeill Hamilton, of Raploch, county Lanark, J.P. and D.L., on the 3rd inst., at his seat, Broomhill, aged fifty-six. He was in the paternal line of the ancient clan of MacNeill, of Gigha, and in the female, of the Raploch branch of the Hamiltons.

Mr. John Daniel Thomas Niblett, M.A., of Haresfield Court, in the county of Gloucester, J.P., on the 1st inst., at his seat, near Stonehouse. He was born in 1809, the eldest son of Mr. D. T. Niblett, of Haresfield Court, High Sheriff of Gloucestershire in 1816, and was educated at Eton, and at Worcester College, Oxford.

General Arthur Bunny, C.B., retired Royal (late Bengal) Artillery, on the 9th inst., at his residence in Addison-gardens, Kensington, aged fifty-eight years. He served in the two Punjab campaigns, and during the Indian Mutiny, including the siege and capture of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, and the battle of Cawnpore.

The Rev. Richard James Luscombe, M.A., Oxon, thirty-six years Vicar of Moorlinch, Somerset, and formerly Rector of Chedzoy, on the 31st ult., at Popham House, Clevedon, aged seventy-three. He was a descendant of the two ancient families of Luscombe, of Luscombe, Devon, and Popham, of Huntworth, Somerset. His eldest son, the Rev. R. Popham Luscombe, is Vice-Principal of Gloucester Theological College.

Mr. James Walton, late senior partner in the firm of James Walton and Sons, of Denton, near Manchester, on the 5th inst., at his seat, Dolforgan, Montgomeryshire. He was of a remarkable genius for invention, and by his original ideas largely contributed to the improvement of cotton-spinning. He purchased in 1870 the Dolforgan estate, and served the office of High Sheriff of Montgomeryshire in 1877.

Major-General George Augustus Brown, lately in command of the 38th Regiment B.N.I., youngest son of Major John Harman Brown, J.P. and D.L., in the county of Salop, A.D.C. to Lord Clive, Governor of Madras, on the 27th ult., at Cheltenham. He entered the Army in 1846, served in the expedition on the Eusofzie Border in 1858, and at the destruction of Chingalee and Sittana.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION IN GERMANY.



ROOM IN WHICH LUTHER WAS BORN AT EISLEBEN.



LUTHER AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR HOME AT WITTENBERG.

THE MONTEFIORE CELEBRATION.

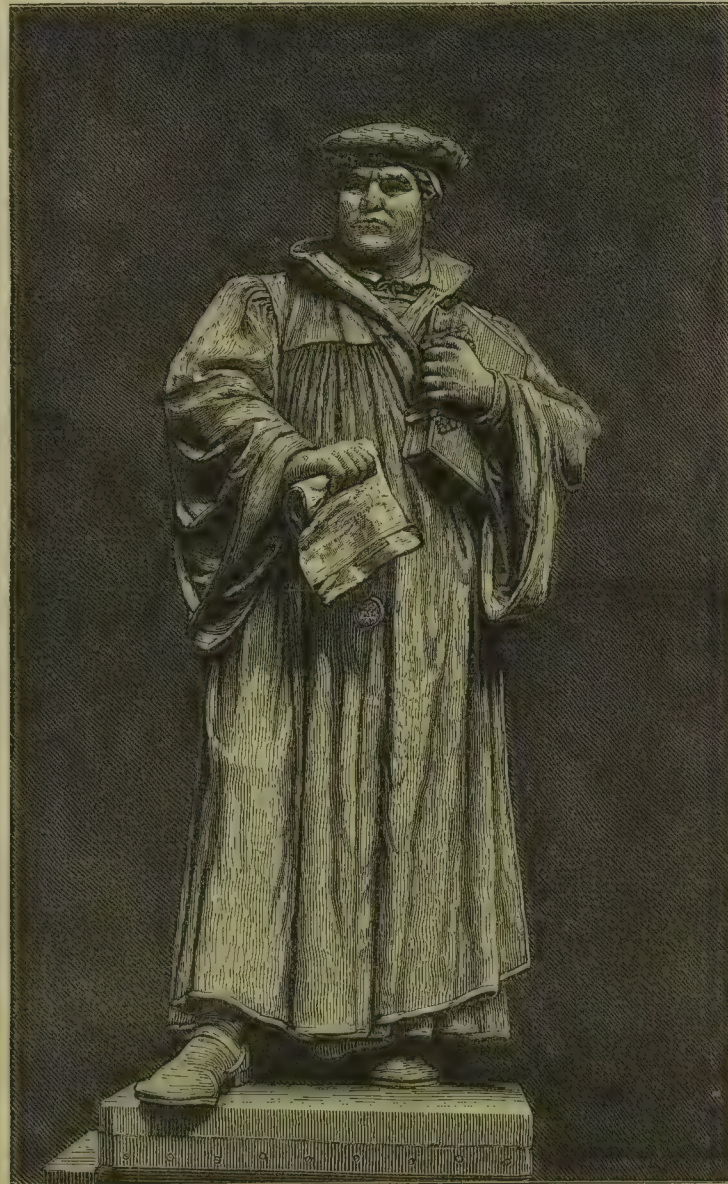
The inhabitants of Ramsgate and the neighbourhood, joining with friends and admirers of Sir Moses Montefiore from London and many other places, contributed to the festive celebration, on the 8th inst., of his recently passed birthday, which completed the ninety-ninth year of his age. The town was decorated with banners and with triumphal arches, in King-street, in High-street, and at two other places on the line of a great procession, with which the chairman of the Ramsgate Local Board, Captain Vaile, accompanied by the Mayors of Canterbury, Margate, and Deal, and deputations from Broadstairs and St. Peter's, went to East Cliff Lodge, the residence of Sir Moses Montefiore. The procession comprised the Ramsgate life-boat with its crew, on a car drawn by eight horses, the Freemasons, Foresters, Oddfellows, and Druids, the Fire Brigades, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, with its banner, and the Sailors' Homes, some equestrian figures in romantic costumes, the workpeople of several breweries, mills, and manufacturing establishments, the children of many schools, and carriages which contained Jewish deputies from the chief Hebrew synagogues of London, Manchester, and Vienna. A special train of the London, Chatham, and Dover

Railway brought down to Ramsgate that morning a large number of packages containing flowers and fruit, and other birthday presents, from numerous friends of the venerable Baronet. The Directors of the South-Eastern and the Metropolitan Railway Company, headed by Sir Edward Watkin, also waited upon Sir Moses, and presented him with gold passes for travelling over their lines. Upon the arrival of the procession from Ramsgate at East Cliff Lodge, the Chairman of the Ramsgate Local Board, with the Vicar of Ramsgate, the Rev. C. Shirley Woolmer, accompanied by the leading members of all the local deputations, were introduced into the library, and were received in that room by Sir Moses Montefiore. He was accompanied by his nephews, Mr. Sebag and Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., M.P., his niece, Mrs. Guedalla, and other relatives or private friends. Captain Vaile addressed him on behalf of the town of Ramsgate, handing him a book in which were inscribed the signatures to a written address of congratulation, which was read by the Vicar. It greeted him as an old neighbour who had dwelt there more than half a century, and as a benefactor of mankind, a venerated member of his own race, "a Moses in deed as in name"; one whom Queen Victoria delights to honour, and who has ever been the friend

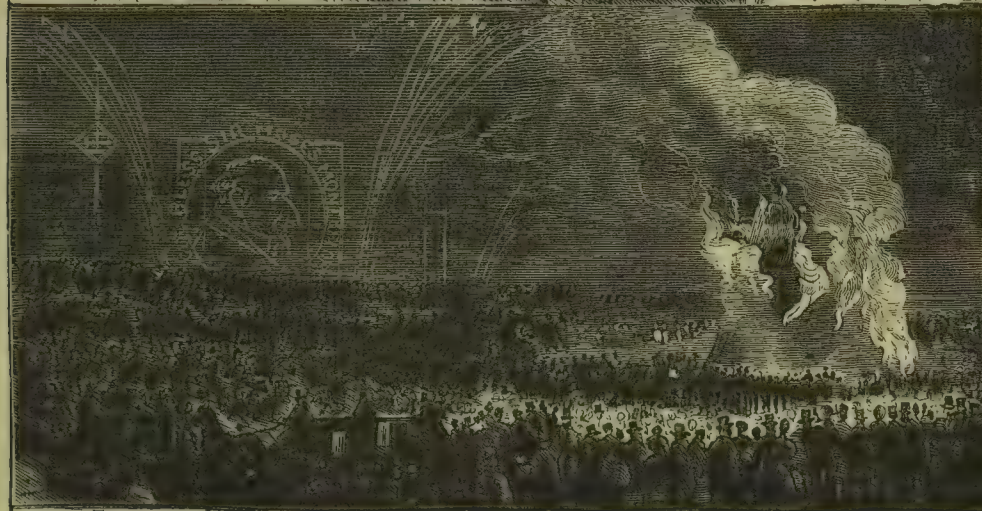
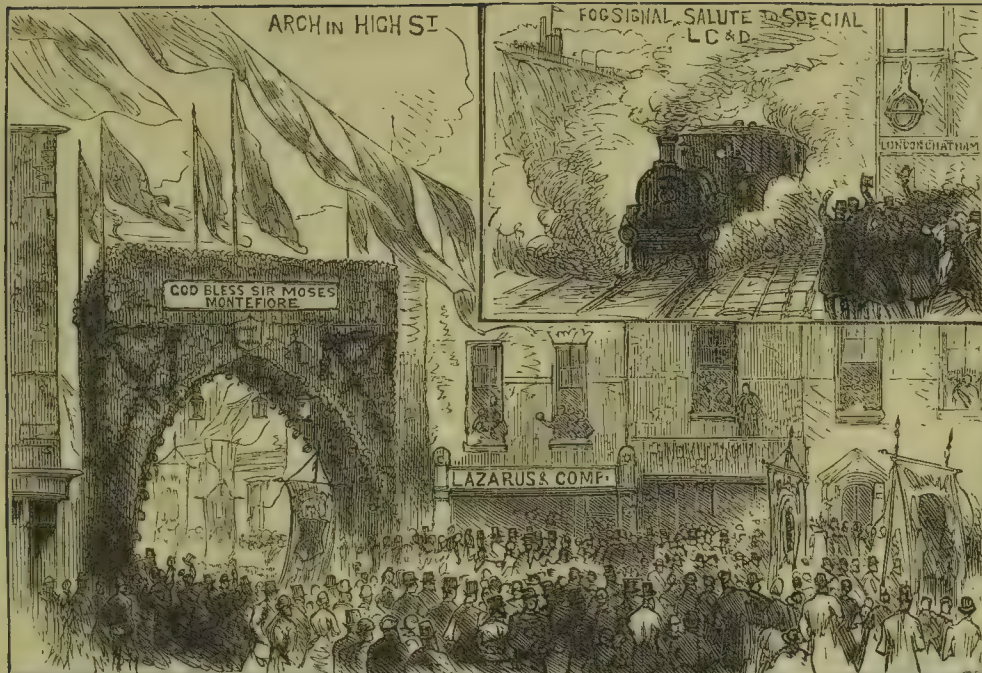
of the poor and afflicted, both Jews and Gentiles. It made a touching reference to his deceased wife, "the Lady Judith of blessed memory," at which the old man showed great emotion, and interposed with "God bless her!" He earnestly thanked the deputation, shaking hands with them and talking with them as long as he could stand, but his friends were anxious to spare his strength, and persuaded him, after a while, to retire and lie down in another room. There were special religious services morning and afternoon, with prayers read by the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler and a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Löwe, at the Jewish synagogue and Rabbis' College, adjoining the grounds of East Cliff Lodge. Messages came to Sir Moses from the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other Royal personages, congratulating him, as the Queen said, upon "entering the hundredth year of a useful and honourable life." In the evening, the town of Ramsgate was brilliantly illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks, provided by Mr. Brock, in a field near East Cliff Lodge. At the Granville Hotel, Captain Vaile entertained a hundred and fifty guests at a banquet; and there was a dinner for the poor, and tea parties for the school-children. Sir Moses Montefiore has written a letter publicly expressing his gratitude for all these tokens of esteem and affection.



LUTHER'S TOMB IN THE SCHLOSS-KIRCHE AT WITTENBERG.



THE STATUE OF LUTHER AT EISLEBEN.



PRESENTATIONS TO SIR MOSES IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PROCESSION PASSING EAST CLIFF LODGE.



"A MAN OVERBOARD!"

The steam-ship Morgiana, in her course at sea, where the waves are running high before a strong breeze on her port side, has been obliged to stop and lie to, while a four-oared galley has been lowered to drop astern and pick up the "man overboard." We fear there is but little chance now of saving the poor fellow, whose foot may have slipped as he climbed aloft to do something with the rigging, and whose body fell into the sea with a plunge scarcely heard in the roar of the wind. He was not missed for a few seconds, till some one chanced to look over the taffrail, and saw with horror the pale face gasping in the water twenty yards distant, and then, as it sank in an instant, the hands tossed up above the sinking head, a proof that the man could not swim. He lies now dead, we fear, a hundred fathoms deep, though few minutes have been spent in the attempted rescue. Brave hearts of his late comrades are sad; they are looking out eagerly on every side; but it is "hoping against hope."

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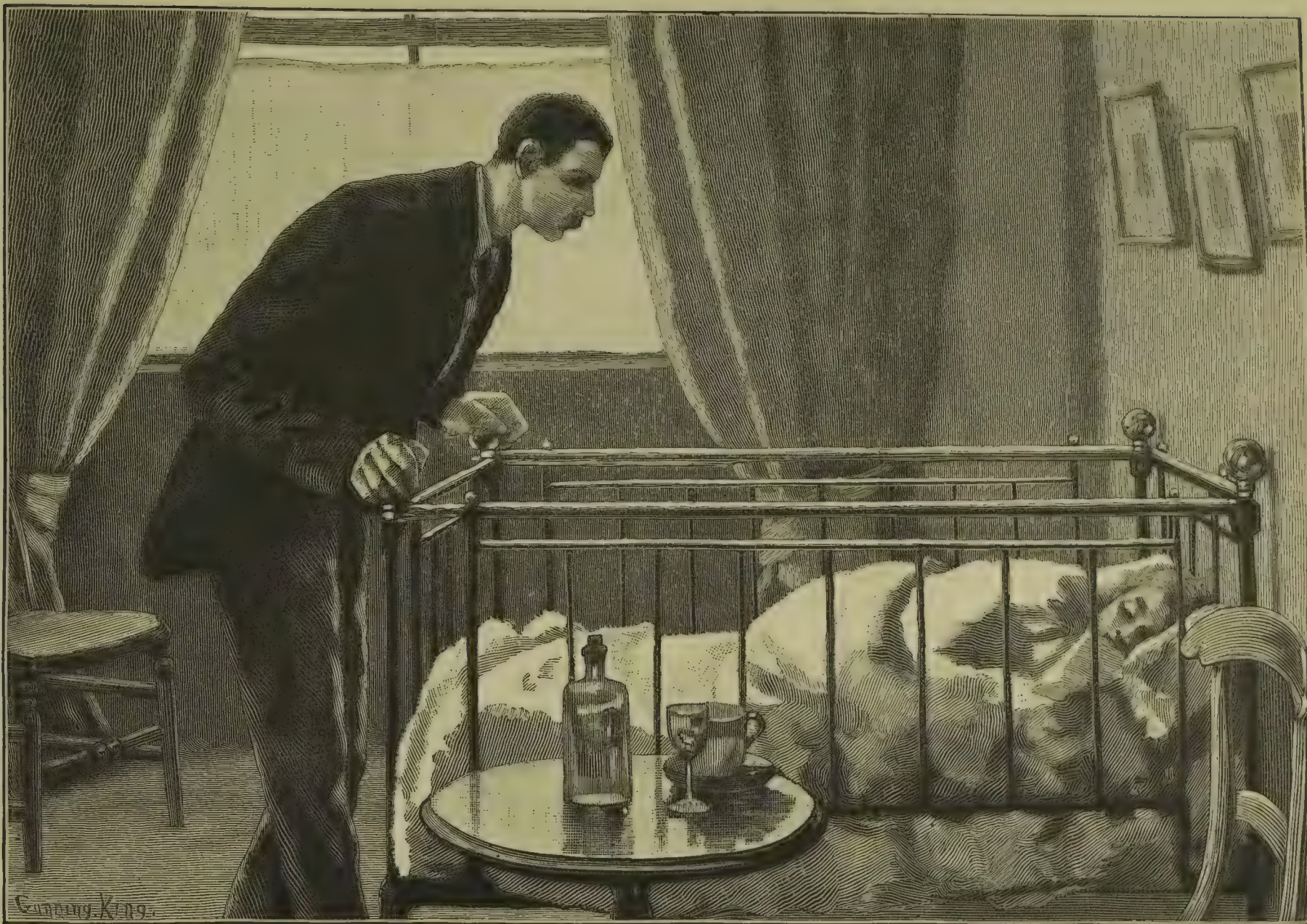
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He stepped lightly to the foot of the bed, and gazed earnestly at the little occupant.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX. THE REVELATION.



OME people find it difficult to keep silence under any circumstance; but total silence—just as tipplers say of moderation *versus* excess—is much more easy to preserve than reticence, especially upon a particular subject, when speech in other respects is free; and the same is true, though in a less degree, of correspondence. To write a letter to one near and dear to us and not to hint at the particular topic which is most in our minds, is a feat in composition. Bluebeard's castle was not "a bijou residence," yet, huge as it was, he could not trust to Fatima's overlooking the chamber in which he kept those "trivial, fond records" of his matrimonial experience; and Aunt Maria, in ending her usual affectionate letters to Sophy, was always saying to herself, "I have been most careful, I am sure, yet, sooner or later, I know I shall let it out."

Weeks, however, passed by without any such catastrophe, the very escape from which was a fact in itself deplorable, since it showed how absolutely poor Sophy was cut off from her husband's confidence. That he had not thought it worth while to inform her that he had used her as an instrument to effect the ruin of her friend and guardian was significant indeed. It was clear that she must know it one day, however long deferred might be the date, and yet (leaving excuse and justification out of the question) he had not troubled himself even to break the shock to her.

One morning Sophy called on her friend Henny with looks, not only sad as usual, but perturbed.

"The child is no worse, I trust?" was the latter's first anxious inquiry.

Willie had been worse of late; so much so that Henny had been a frequent visitor in Albany-street, notwithstanding that it was very disagreeable to her to intrude into a house to the master of which she was not welcome; no considerations of a personal nature would have weighed with her where Love and Duty were in the other scale, but the reflection that Mr. Adair was her husband's enemy did weigh with her. Nevertheless she went, to comfort Sophy and to tend the child. A man would have thought of his dignity, and kept away out of "self-respect"; but Henny did not think of such things.

"Willie is no worse," returned Sophy; "though, I fear,

no better. It is not on her account, poor darling, that I have come to-day, but upon another matter that troubles me only second to it. Oh, Henny, what has happened to the dear Canon and Aunt Maria?"

"Happened to them, my dear?" said Henny, trying to look surprised and feeling excessively frightened, but not surprised at all; for she had expected some such terrible question any day during the last two months. "They are quite well; indeed, I heard from Miss Aldred only yesterday."

"But they have left their house; so Dr. Newton tells me. I took your advice and wrote to him the other day about my darling, and he says in his letter—after promising in the kindest way to come up and see her this very day—that the Canon has taken a house upon Parker's Piece: one of a row of quite little cottages. What can be the meaning of it, and why have I heard not one word about it?"

"Well, they didn't wish to increase your troubles, dearest Sophy, by telling you bad news. The truth is, the Canon has lost a great deal of money."

"How?"

A little word, but not so easy to reply to. Henny had almost all the virtues of her sex, but she was deficient in strategy. Cynics have said of women that though some of them tell tarradiddles with less grace than others, there is no such thing as a woman who cannot tell them at all. Perhaps the exception proved the rule in Henny's case, for she could not speak an untruth. When it was required of her, as in the present case, she could only turn very pale, and remain mute.

"You are hiding something from me," exclaimed Sophy, vehemently. "Have I, then, lost the confidence of every human being but my dying child? Am I quite alone in the world? I have deserved it, Heaven knows," she added, dropping her voice; "I have deserved everything; but my punishment is almost greater than I can bear."

Henny's heart melted within her, as well it might. Her loving arms were thrown about her friend in an instant, and she burst into tears. But Sophy, though she returned her embrace, did so with dry eyes.

"I am tired of weeping," she answered, bitterly. "I have shed tears enough for a lifetime, and there are no more to come. I want to know the worst—the worst that is which has happened as yet. The worst I shall never know till I am in my grave, and receive the just doom of the wicked!"

The despair in her voice froze the other's very blood.

"Dear Sophy, don't talk like that; there are happy days in store for you yet. Heaven will take pity on you."

"You don't know, Henny," was the quiet reply. "You have never angered Heaven as I have. Let us not speak of that. Tell me about my dear guardian; the truth, the truth."

"I cannot, and I dare not," said Henny, desperately. "You dare not. Then it is something that concerns my husband. It is he who has injured the Canon. I have suspected it all along; this is the last and worst!"

Poor Sophy never finished that sentence; perhaps she had been about to say, "the last and worst proof of his villainy,"

or perhaps only, "the last and worst of my misfortunes"; but her emotions, only too well disciplined as they were, had proved too much for her. She had fainted.

To a situation of that kind Henny was fully equal; and, without sending for assistance, soon restored her friend—though, as she sorrowfully reflected, it was doing her small kindness—to consciousness. Sophy's first words when she opened her eyes were, "Now tell me all." And Henny had to tell her.

It was done with the tenderest consideration. She prefaced her task with the Canon's absolute acquittal of Sophy herself, his certain conviction of her innocence of any responsibility in the matter in question; his knowledge that she would rather cut her right hand off than have persuaded him to do anything that might entail harm upon himself. He even stretched a point, and denied that Sophy had persuaded him. His wish to benefit her and hers had, of course, been at the root of the transaction; but he had acted as he had done because he himself had believed it to be the best course to adopt. It was a mere error in judgment. She concluded her tale by saying that though the blow to the Canon had been doubtless a very heavy one, it had been bravely borne, so that its worst effects were already over; and that the reflection that Sophy was distressing herself with vain regrets, and perhaps remorse, would only add to her guardian's troubles. Sophy heard her to the end without interposing one word; but her face, which now and then she hid as if for very shame, was a picture of agony and humiliation.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, at last, clasping her hands, "how they must despise and loathe me."

"On the contrary, they pity and love you, Sophy."

"Give me pen and ink, Henny, and let me write to them; let me write to them from here, your house—not from that man's house. Let me tell them that I know all, and still live to know it. Then they will understand that the fool who has done them this inexpressible wrong has not escaped her punishment."

"Sophy, Sophy, remember what I told you," pleaded Henny; "all that will only add to their troubles; for my own sake I entreat you to be patient. It was especially enjoined upon me never to speak to you of this."

"Speak to me! How can you speak to me at all?" cried Sophy bitterly. "How could you enter my house as you have done, knowing it to be a den of thieves? Your Stevie is there now; I left him sitting by my child's pillow. There is contagion there for him. She is a Thief's daughter; I am a Thief's wife."

It was terrible to see such fire and feeling, such humiliation, such remorse and agony, proceed from so frail and small a creature. What shocked Henny most was that last sentence, "I am a Thief's wife." It was true of course, but that a wife should confess it—nay, assert it voluntarily, seemed to her, to whom the tie that bound her to her husband was only less sacred than that which linked her to her God, something monstrous and unnatural.

"Hush! hush! dear Sophy," she entreated. "Why should I hush? Why should I not proclaim him for what he is?" continued the other, vehemently. "Why did you not mention the Thief when you spoke of his crime? Because you would not pollute your lips with his name—the name he has given me—*my name*." Then, perceiving her companion's pained and frightened looks, she added, with passionate tenderness, "No, no, no; forgive me, Henny, I know it was to spare me."

"Of course it was to spare you, my darling," returned the other, earnestly. "That is what we all want to do. You have been deceived, cajoled, but you have done nothing wrong."

Sophy shook her head in vehement denial.

"Then if you have, the best reparation you can make to those who have suffered, the amends that will be most welcome to them, is to forget it all. To behave as though it had never happened. To feel that your relations with those you loved, and never meant to harm, are just as they were before this misfortune happened. I have been to blame to tell you of it. Do not let me suffer for my weakness—for the love that compelled me to give way to your importunity."

"I will do whatever those I have ruined wish me to do," said Sophy, humbly.

"You dear, good girl, that news will indeed please them. There is another thing which I know they most earnestly desire; do not speak with Mr. Adair about this matter. It can do no good, dear Sophy, and will only be the cause of a quarrel or estrangement."

"Estrangement!" echoed the other, bitterly. "How little you, who have a husband who respects and loves you, know the life I lead. Respect and love are not for me. What were those lines we used to read together in the old times, those dead and gone old times, at Cambridge?"

Others there are whom these surround,
Smiling they live and call life pleasure,
To me that cup has been dealt in quite another measure.

Estrangement! Do you suppose, then, except for the one frail link of my little Willie, that anything binds me to that man. No; not a pack-thread. If that link were to snap, and life were still left in me, not another hour, when I had once seen my darling laid in her restful grave, would I remain beneath his hateful roof. I would starve; nay, I would sin first."

Henny sat aghast at her, shocked at these terrible sentiments, wretched in the reflection that the woman who entertained them was about to return to such a home, and to the man she must needs call husband. She ransacked her kind heart in vain for a word of comfort. There was nothing there but pity and sorrow.

"I must go back now," said Sophy, wearily. "Dr. Newton may come at any moment. Nothing but my anxiety upon my dear guardian's account could have induced me to leave home. I have been used to think that anxiety was the hardest to bear of all troubles; but I was mistaken. Kiss me, Henny."

Henny threw her arms about her friend and strained her to her heart.

"Oh, if I could but help you, my darling—if I could but help you!"

Sophy shook her little head despairingly, and closed the mouth that once seemed to have been made for smiles and kisses.

"I feel so wicked," sobbed Henny, "to be so kindly treated, and so loved and spoiled, when you are suffering such terrible things so undeservedly."

"No, not that, Henny," answered Sophy, gravely. "Do you remember Hogarth's pictures, which I persuaded you to look at, though Aunt Maria had forbidden me to do so—of the good and bad Apprentices? As it was with them so it is with us. We have both got our deserts. If I could but feel that my fate would be a warning to all reckless, deceitful girls like me, then, I think, I could bear it; for I have deserved it all."

"I don't believe it," cried Henny, vehemently. "All will come right again, some day, if there is justice in Heaven."

Henny lifted her sweet eyes as if to invoke the Power of which she spoke; and when she turned them again on the place where her friend had stood, Sophy had gone.

CHAPTER XL.

THE WITNESS.

Man is a selfish animal, but, in comparison with his father (as Wordsworth calls him), the boy, he is the embodiment of self-sacrifice and self-denial. "No boy knows how his mother loves him," says a modern writer, who has evidently studied his subject. "No mother knows how a boy loves himself;" and nobody else knows. His devotion to that idol is without limit.

It must be admitted, however, that there are exceptions. Many boys who have not been to school and learnt the law of the stronger, are kind and gentle to their sisters and to girls generally, are not ashamed of a partiality for that most charming of domestic pets, the cat; and are even fond of children. "The boy that loves a baby" (justly extolled by the author of "Lilliput Levée") is, however, a very rare specimen. In this respect—namely, for the love of his small, helpless fellow-creatures—Stevie Helford was, as a schoolboy, almost unique. He had lost that precocity of intelligence, too often the companion of disease and the precursor of death, that had so charmed Aunt Henny, but his mind was still strangely mature and old-fashioned. At school, no doubt, in "form" if not in "gloss," he lost his picturesqueness, and was commonplace enough; but in the holidays he became in many ways himself again, to the alarm of his grandmother (who, having suffered from a mad spendthrift, imagined there was safety in the commonplace), and to the great content of Aunt Henny and the delight of Uncle Fred, to whom the boy's naïve but pronounced opinions upon the most abstruse topics were an unfailing source of amusement.

It was as natural to Stevie to pass an hour in little Willie's nursery as it would have been with most boys to blow themselves up with fireworks, or out with greengages. He did not do it because it was right, or because his aunt wished it (he was not a goody-goody boy at all), or for "tips" or "sock," but for reason that is, on the whole, more powerful than any which actuates the human breast—because he liked it. Fido (Fred's dog) and he were constant companions, but he never showed himself so devoted as when Fido fell ill of an obscure mange and needed tendance. Again, when Henny's canary was moulting, it was difficult to persuade him it was not a malady which care could cure, and that he could do no good by sitting up with the bird all night. For which reason, and also because his Latin was very indifferent ("Ulpian at the best") Fred insisted upon it that the boy was cut out for the medical profession.

Willie had been a great favourite of Stevie's from the first, but after the accident which crippled her there were no bounds to his devotion. He would sit by the side of her little cot, reading to her or talking to her for hours—nay, what is still more unusual with those who visit their sick friends, listening to her. He was not so fond of talking as he had been, or perhaps he had become more prudent in the use of his tongue. Uncle Fred was wont to ruffle his dignity not a little by quotations from his early speeches, which he now regretted,

as a Minister of State regrets his utterances on platforms before he had responsibilities and took office. One of them, when cast up against him, had all the effect of a red rag on a bull. The subject of conversation being the popularity of authors, he had remarked, with childish gravity, "I have observed that the Bible is a great deal read; I think, Fred, it would be a capital plan if you were to write another Bible."

Poor little Wilhelmina had no such plans for the enrichment of her friends. She listened to all that was said with intense attention and sagacity; but her conversation was mainly confined, like that of Socrates, to questions (Fred called her technically the Interrogatory), and some of them were such questions!

"Stevie," she would ask, in a hushed whisper, as the boy sat with his hand in hers by her captured pillow, "is it right to pray Heaven to bless wicked people?"

"One might pray to make them better," answered Stevie, cautiously.

"I have done that, and it's nouse," was the grave rejoinder. "Then I'd leave the blessing alone, Willie," answered her spiritual adviser; "that's not your business."

Here there was a long pause, during which some pictures were investigated: you would have imagined the subject to be dropped; but that was not Wilhelmina's way; she might let go of it, but only as an Irishman may allow a bottle of whisky to escape temporarily from his hands; her mind once fixed upon the matter, she was never satisfied till she got to the bottom of it.

"It is right to pray Heaven to bless your parents, is it not, Stevie?"

"Of course it is my dear—that is when you have any," added Stevie, with a sudden recollection that he was unprovided for in that respect.

"Then if you are to leave the blessing alone when people are wicked, and a parent is wicked, you are not to ask Heaven to bless him?"

The logic was pitiless. Poor Stevie, who thoroughly understood what she meant, replied, much embarrassed, "You should ask Heaven to make him better."

Then, with the air of saying "You are arguing in a circle, and are confused besides," "You have said that before," said Willie.

The idea of making supplication for Mr. John Adair had certainly never entered into Stevie's mind, which was not as yet disciplined into praying for his enemies. He disliked him as much as he liked Sophy, and took care to time his visits to Albany-street so as to avoid meeting with the master of the house. If Adair had known he came so often he might have forbidden his visits; but, as it was, he permitted them, because they amused the child as much as a new toy and cost him nothing. One day, however, when Stevie came as usual, Adair, as it happened, was at home. A letter had come that morning for Sophy from Cambridge, but in an unfamiliar hand; and this had excited his suspicions. There was nothing now of novelty that did not excite his suspicions. A mind ill at ease with itself, and conscious of wrong doing, is always more or less in this condition. Even to the good man chance is a thing to be apprehended, "how much more then to the wicked and the sinner." When Adair heard from his wife that Dr. Newton had announced his intention of coming up to town that day, to see little Willie, his brow grew very dark.

"You must have sent for the man," he exclaimed, passionately.

"I told him that Willie was ailing," was the quiet reply, "and that I should be glad of his opinion upon the case, as an old friend, and one in whose judgment I had the greatest confidence."

"If he is coming as a friend that is another matter," returned her husband, contemptuously (she had anticipated an outburst, and wondered what restrained it; she only knew for certain that it was no consideration for her feelings); "but as for his opinion I wouldn't give a shilling for it. What can a mere country apothecary have to say against the treatment approved of by such a man as Dr. Bagge?"

"It is said that two heads are better than one," faltered Sophy; "at all events, when my child's health and perhaps her life"—

"What threatens her life?" broke in the other, with angry vehemence; "there's nothing more amiss with her than has been any time these three years. And as for two heads, Madam, let me tell you that in this house, at least, there is only one head. Never let me hear of a doctor being sent for again without my permission."

To this Sophy answered nothing; she never did answer her husband unless compelled to do so. Upon the whole, she was thankful that for this once, at least, Dr. Newton was permitted to come. Had she asked leave to send for him, she well knew that it would have been refused; she knew, too, that her sending for him would anger her husband, and his wrath was terrible to her, not only because she feared it, but because it reminded her of the mad folly which had placed her in his power.

She noticed, to her great disappointment, that he sent off a telegram or two, doubtless to explain his absence elsewhere, and remained at home that morning. She foresaw that there would be difficulty in getting speech with Dr. Newton alone. What could it matter to her husband, as she bitterly reflected, what report should be given of her child, or by whom, since he was absolutely indifferent to it?

When Dr. Newton arrived, Adair himself received him, and with some pretence of cordiality. He did not meet his gaze directly—it had never been his custom to look folk in the face, but of late he gave his profile to every one, as though he was sitting for his silhouette—but furtively scanned him with minuteness. He wished to gather from his expression whether he knew how he had wronged the Canon or not; and the deduction he drew was that he did know. As a matter of fact, the doctor did not know. The Canon had kept his secret from all outsiders, partly, perhaps, for his own sake (for he was not one to write himself down an ass, even though he might have behaved like one), but chiefly for Sophy's sake. The doctor, however, had no liking for Mr. John Adair (and showed it in his honest face) for another reason.

He had been informed by Miss Aldred of the accident that had happened to little Willie, partly in consequence of her father's ill-judged economy; he was aware that Sophy had had money, and that Adair had had none, and he looked upon him as a mean hound.

"Some business called me up to town to-day, Mr. Adair," he said, stiffly, "and at your wife's request I have looked in to see your little girl."

"You are very kind, Dr. Newton; I am afraid, however, you will say little can be done for her beyond what we are already doing."

"At all events, there will be no harm done. I come here only as an old friend."

"Just so," said the other, quietly. If the doctor had meant to give him a dig, it showed no signs of having penetrated anywhere. "You shall see the child at once."

Sophy and Jeannette were both in the nursery, and Stevie also. When the boy heard Mr. Adair's voice upon the stair, he drew back behind the heavy curtain that shielded his little

friend from the draught from the window, and remained during the interview unseen. Curiosity, however, compelled him to form a peep-hole, through which he could see what was going on.

Dr. Newton entered, shook hands warmly with Mrs. Adair, and sat down quickly beside the patient. He asked a great number of questions, as to symptoms, treatment, &c., and presently for the prescriptions.

"This is all very right," he said, looking at one of them; but I hope you are very careful about the proportion of water; it is a dangerous medicine by itself."

"Dr. Bagge warned us of that," said Sophy. "We keep the medicine in the cupboard, and instead of mixing it every time, we keep a portion in the bottle here ready mixed. When it is finished, we mix it again, so that no mistake can possibly occur through inadvertence."

"Umph, that's curious," said the doctor. "There are certain symptoms here—the very ones that have given you anxiety, and not without cause—which I should have attributed to an overdose. Who administers the medicine?"

"Either Jeannette or myself," said Sophy; "and I mix it, when it is necessary to do so, with my own hands."

"Well, you can't be too cautious. The limb is better—better than I could have hoped for, considering the nature of the accident. It is the general health that is suffering."

"Am I going to die, doctor?" inquired little Willie. "I should like to know, because I have got things to do first."

"Bless my soul! what a strange child," exclaimed the doctor, whose practice lay chiefly among infants of a larger growth—undergraduates. "Why, she reminds me of what little Stevie Helford used to be. No, my dear, you are not going to die; I hope you are going to get well and strong."

"Do you think I shall live to be twenty-one?" inquired the patient, with great gravity.

"Ah, you want to come of age and see the ox roasted whole in Albany-street, do you?" returned the doctor, cheerily. "Of course you'll live to be twenty-one—live to be a hundred and one very likely. What a very funny child. Well, there is nothing to be alarmed about; but the case wants watching. How often does your medical man come, Mrs. Adair?"

"Not very often," said Sophy, firmly, but avoiding her husband's eye; "once in three weeks, not more."

"That is not enough, in my opinion. The symptoms I have noticed should be attended to and checked at once. Have you had any other opinion—has any other doctor seen her beside Doctor Bagge?"

Here Stevie noticed that Mr. Adair threw a glance at Jeannette, unperceived by the other two; to the boy's quick intelligence it seemed to say, "Don't speak."

"No," said Sophy. "No one but our own medical man has seen her."

Then the doctor rose and left the room with Sophy, her husband following close upon their heels.

"What am I to do?" cried Jeannette, despairingly.

"What is the matter?" whispered Stevie, looking out from his place of concealment.

"Lor, Master Stevie, I quite forgot you were there," said Jeannette, growing very white; "you gave me quite a turn."

"But what is the matter?"

The waiting-maid was too well acquainted with the impertinence of youth to attempt to evade the question. "Why, my poor mistress wanted to have a few words with Dr. Newton alone; and I am afraid that she will never get them. Hush! be quiet, listen."

The others had gone into the drawing-room and closed the door. Nothing was heard save the ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece, and the occasional dropping of a coal from the grate. Fatigued with the doctor's investigation, and lulled to rest by the silence, Willie sank into a deep slumber.

Presently there was a gentle knock at the door. "My mistress wants you down stairs, Jeannette," said one of the maids. "Shall I stay with the child?"

"No, it is unnecessary; she is asleep."

Then, in a hushed whisper, "Keep where you are, Master Stevie, unless Willie cries," said Jeannette, and noiselessly left the room.

One minute, two minutes, and then there was a cautious click of the door-handle. Stevie lay close, with a presentiment of something about to happen; to his horror, Adair stole quietly in. The boy's heart beat fast; but, fascinated, rather than curious, he kept his eye at the loophole. What could have brought the master of the house back to that room alone? No affection for the child, that was certain. He stepped lightly to the foot of the bed, and gazed earnestly at the little occupant; then, having, as it seemed, convinced himself that she was asleep, he took up the phial that stood upon the table, marked well how far it was filled, and emptied its contents into some vessel he had brought with him. Next, going on tiptoe to the cupboard, he took out a bottle, and filled the phial from it to the same height as before. Then replacing bottle and phial where he had found them, he glided noiselessly from the room. The whole transaction scarcely took up a minute: it would have been plain to any person of mature judgment that such dexterity could only have been acquired by practice. If but few opportunities had been afforded him for such proceedings, it was certain he had lost none.

Stevie stood petrified as he watched all this, and when it was over began to tremble. It seemed to him that he had been on the verge of crying out something horrible—perhaps "Murder"—without knowing exactly why. He did not comprehend what had occurred, but he felt that if the man had attempted to give Willie what was now in the phial he would have rushed out and stopped him at all hazards. But now his nerve had left him and almost consciousness itself. The contemplation of a crime by an innocent person is almost as shocking as the first commission of one.

Even when Jeannette returned, the boy still remained where he was, and without the power of speech.

"You may come out now, Master Stevie," she said, cheerfully. "Mr. Adair has gone away with the doctor, but not before my mistress had a private word with him; why master left us alone together, though it was only for five minutes, I can't imagine."

"I can," said Stevie, putting back the curtain, and disclosing a white face and staring eyes. "He left you to come up here."

"Here! Good Heavens! He didn't do anything to the child?"

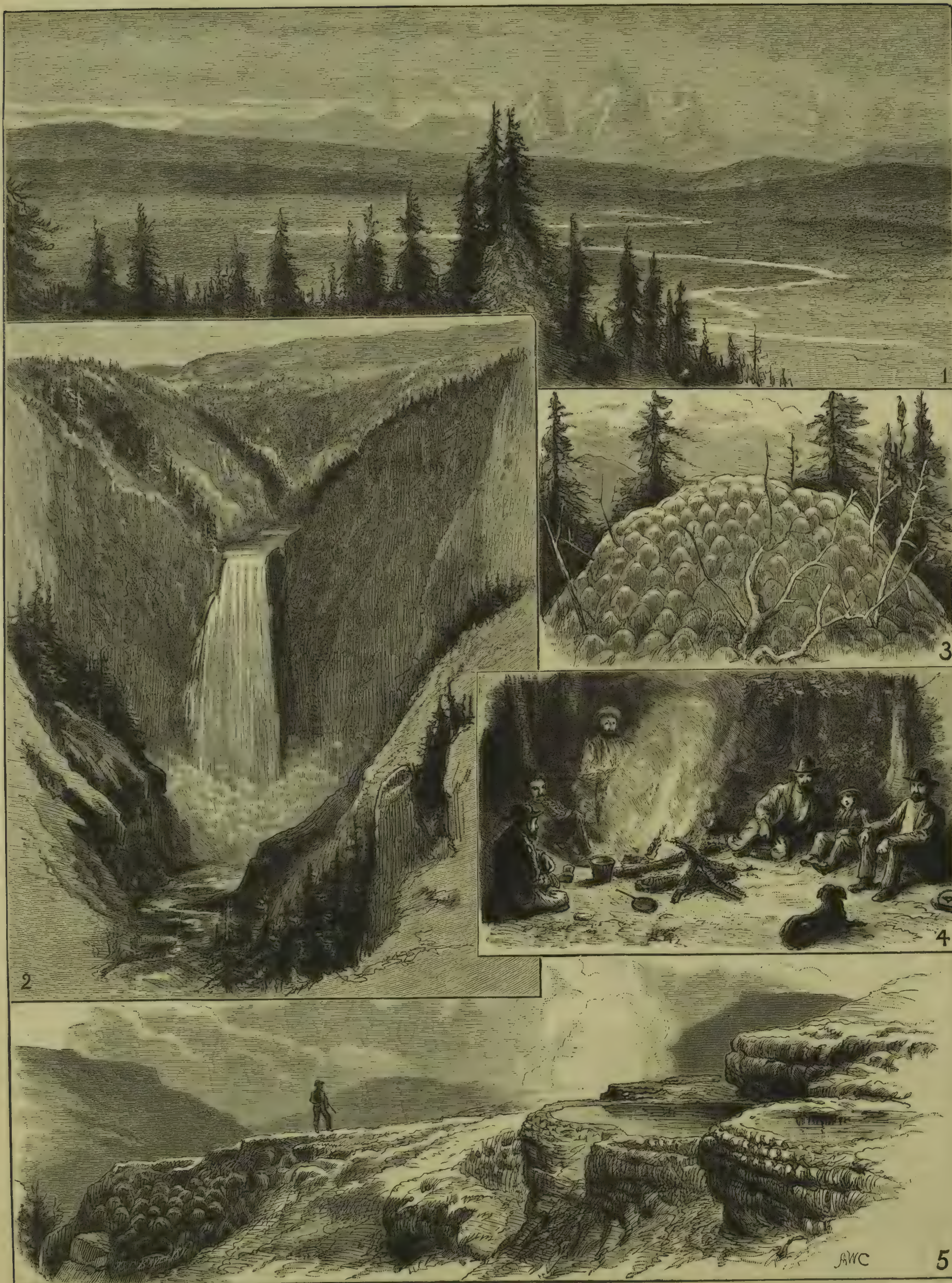
"No; he left you to do it."

Then he told her what had happened from beginning to end.

Jeannette listened, with horrified face. She took up the phial. The medicine was as colourless as the water with which it should have been mixed; but she took out the cork, and smelt it.

"That would have gone nigh to kill her," she said, solemnly. She poured back the contents of the phial into the bottle, and, mixing more medicine with water in the proper proportions, replaced the phial as before.

"Now, as you love little Willie, Master Stevie," she said, earnestly, "not a word of this to my mistress or to anyone



1. Teton Mountains. 2. Grand Falls (367 ft.) in the Yellowstone Canon. 3. Mound formed by Deposits from Fountain. 4. Camp Fire. 5. Mammoth Hot Springs.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK, NORTH AMERICA.



SKETCHES FROM "YOUNG FOLKS' WAYS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

"YOUNG FOLK'S WAYS."

Our weekly commentator on the novelties at "the Playhouses" described this piece when it was brought out, at the St. James's Theatre, in the latter part of October. Its story is derived from Mrs. Burnett's American tale of "Esmeralda," and the present adaptation for the stage is the joint work of that lady and of Mr. W. H. Gillette. The pair of "young folk" who are first introduced to our notice are Esmeralda Rogers, the daughter of an old farmer in South Carolina, and a young farmer, Dave Hardy, to whom she is betrothed. Money comes unexpectedly to the Rogers family, by the discovery of iron ore beneath the poor soil of their mountain farm, and Mrs. Rogers forces Esmeralda to break off her engagement. So far, the course of true love does not run smooth. Poor Dave Hardy, meeting bad luck in this and other ways, becomes a destitute wanderer; Esmeralda is taken by her parents, or rather by her worldly-minded mother, to enjoy their newly-got riches in Paris. There is a travelling young gentleman of ample wealth and leisure, Mr. Eastabrook, who has known them at their home in America, and who comes across them again in Paris. He and Miss Nora Desmond, one of two sisters of his friend Jack Desmond, a genial amateur artist, form a second pair of "young folk"; and we perceive that all the "ways" of all the "young folk" are generous and honourable. This bad specimen of the "old folk," being of a mercenary, ambitious, and heartless disposition, insists upon making Esmeralda marry a profligate adventurer supposed to be a French Marquis. The Desmonds, allied with the chivalrous Eastabrook, set themselves to work on behalf of the injured American lovers, with whom they cordially sympathise; and Dave Hardy turns up just in time. Though Miss Webster, a new actress, made her first appearance in the interesting part of Esmeralda, the effective performance of Mrs. Kendal as Nora Desmond produced a stronger impression on the audience, giving much emphasis to the characteristic purpose of the play. The most forcible impersonation, however, was that of Mrs. Rogers, the tyrannical mother, whose character is aptly compared by "G. A. S.," our well-known contributor, to that of Lady Ashton in "The Bride of Lammermoor." It is acted by Mrs. Hermann Vezin with remarkable consistency and power, but the scenes of bitter strife between mother and daughter are somewhat too painful. The story, nevertheless, soon takes a happier turn, by the arrival of mining news from North Carolina, proving that Mr. Rogers, who is a weak old fellow (represented by Mr. John Hare with notable fidelity on the stage), is not a rich man after all, while Dave Hardy, instead of being a hopeless pauper and outcast, is the possessor of a handsome fortune. So it comes to pass that Esmeralda, released from maternal persecution and from that of the equivocal Marquis, becomes the bride of her original American sweetheart, whose part is acted by Mr. George Alexander; while Nora Desmond and her lover Eastabrook, happy in each other, are doubly rejoiced at the success of their generous endeavours for the welfare of the others. The performance of Mr. Maclean, as Jack Desmond, and that of Mr. Herbert Waring, as a cunning Yankee speculator named George Drew, who seeks to buy up the land of Rogers and Hardy, knowing the secret of its mineral treasure, has been duly commended.

The Rev. L. W. Lloyd, M.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, has been elected to the vacant head-mastership of Ashby-de-la-Zouch Grammar School.

PAISLEY CASKET FOR SIR R. A. CROSS.

The Right Hon. Sir Richard Assheton Cross, M.P., when he visited Paisley the other day, was presented with the civic freedom of that burgh; and our Illustration shows the ornamental casket in which his certificate of that honour was contained. It was manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, London. This casket bears on the front and back, respectively, views of the "George A. Clark Townhall," and of the Abbey at Paisley. At each end are views of the Fountain gardens and of the Free Library and Museum. These are executed in the finest repoussé work. The lid is surmounted with the arms of Paisley and those of Sir Richard Cross, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented to the Right Hon. Sir Richard Assheton Cross, G.C.B., D.C.L., M.P., with the Freedom of the Burgh of Paisley, Nov. 9, 1883."

STATUES FOR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

Three marble statues, the sculptor of which is Signor Giovanni Fontana, of King's-road, Chelsea, have been executed for the adornment of the halls of the New South Wales Government Offices at Sydney, by order of Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General of that Colony in London. The first is a statue of her Majesty the Queen, attired in her Royal and Imperial robes of State, with the Crown upon her head, and wearing also the ribbon of the Garter and the Star of India; she holds the sceptre in her right hand, and a scroll in her left. The second of these statues is that of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, dressed in the uniform of a Field Marshal, holding the Marshal's baton in his right hand, while his left hand rests upon the hilt of his sword. Our Illustrations of both will show the graceful dignity of their attitudes, and in both instances Signor Fontana has produced a characteristic likeness of the Royal personages who are thus represented, while he has treated their figures and costumes with artistic idealism, and has been remarkably skilful in rendering the texture of velvet, ermine, and satin, in the Queen's robes. The third statue is a personification of Australia, a noble female figure, in classical drapery, crowned with a garland of native Australian flowers, which are true to botany, including the "waratah," or so-called tulip of that country, surmounted by a sort of "glory" indicating the rays of the rising sun. "Advance, Australia!" is the motto of New South Wales, and is beautifully embodied in this fine statue; her bare right arm embraces a cornucopia, filled with fruits and corn; in her left hand is a laurel wreath. A young ram with a good fleece of curly wool, lies at her feet, and the other great staple of colonial wealth is represented by a large nugget of gold. The robe of "Australia" is embroidered with the constellation of the Southern Cross. These statues, which have been inspected and highly approved by the Prince of Wales, are worthy of general admiration; that of the Queen was exhibited at Milan.

The electing trustees of the British Museum have chosen the Marquis of Bath as a trustee of the British Museum, in place of the late Earl Somers.

Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., distributed the prizes to the successful students attending the Mansfield (Notts) School of Art on the 7th inst.; and Lord George Hamilton, M.P., distributed the prizes at the Hornsey School of Art on the 8th.

JEWELLERY FOR THE KING OF SIAM.

Mr. Chaffers, in his recently published work on the London Goldsmiths, minutely describes some of the old masterpieces of their craft. The goldsmith's art, however, thanks to new ways and means employed, has been of late years steadily progressive, and there are workmen now at the west end of London who could excel anything the old worthies of the trade produced for beauty, strength, and finish. With us, the taste for gold jewellery for personal adornment has recently not been on the increase, and hence the trade has come to be somewhat restricted to the manufacture of large objects for ceremonial decoration, rather than the more modest articles for female wear. But most of the orders for the gigantic head-gear, jewels, belts, and other articles worn by the Indian Princes and Rajahs, now come to London in preference to Paris, on account of the greater strength and durability of British work. Mr. J. W. Benson, of Old Bond-street, has lately sent out to the King of Siam the following magnificent jewels.

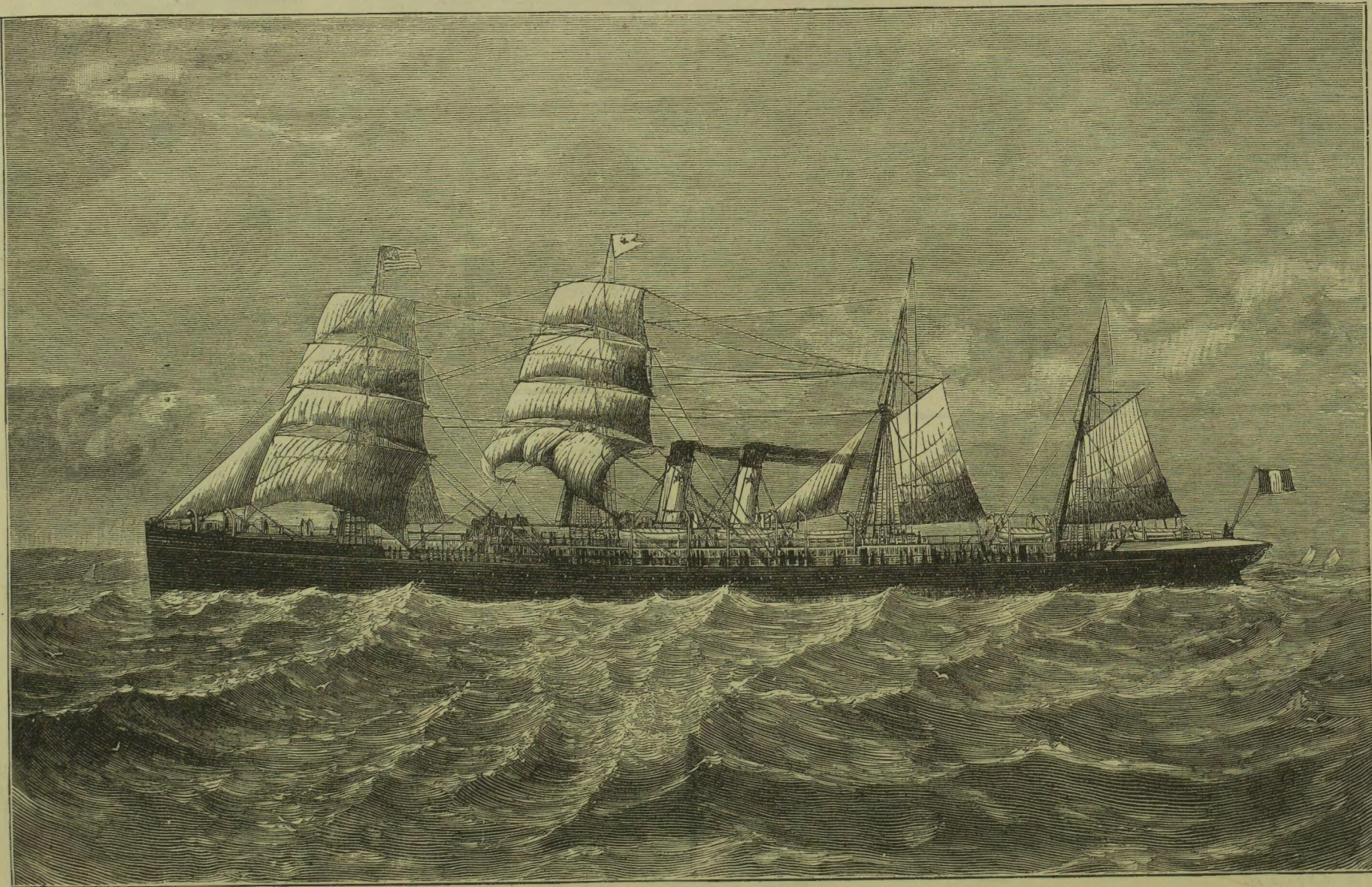
A gigantic brilliant ring, intended to be worn by his Majesty at the ceremonial of the Sacred Order of the Nine Gems, and probably the largest finger-ring ever made. The enormous diamond at the top measured $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. across; its weight was 66 carats, being considerably more than the celebrated "Sancy" diamond; it was surrounded by eight other gems, cut in cabochon shape—the whole forming the emblem of the Nine Sacred Gems.

Two other splendid brilliant decorations—one the star or badge of the Order of the Chakri Kri, and the other the star or badge of the Order of the Nine Gems, made to correspond with the ring.

A solid gold belt, to be worn round the waist. This is a fine specimen of the flexible gold chain work, and, although of great strength, is as supple as a piece of braid. In each of the interstices formed by the cross-bar pattern a transparent diamond is set, producing a most dazzling effect, which is further heightened by a large brilliant clasp for the centre. More than one thousand diamonds were used for the belt alone.

A gold jewelled crystal casket. This, although not so gorgeous as the jewels above described, is a most interesting piece of patient work, skilfully carried out. It is presented to the King of Siam by the members of the recently established Siamese Legation in London, in conjunction with the Siamese youths now being educated in England, and contains a congratulatory address engraved upon a scroll of pure gold. It is made up entirely of gold and silver and plates of crystal, into which are inserted the enamelled portraits of the above-mentioned gentlemen; the supporting corners show the traditional white elephant bearing the lesser Crown of Siam. The cutting of these enamels into the crystal, two excessively delicate substances, proved a most trying work; but the effect produced is quite unique. These magnificent objects deserve to be handed down, as they doubtless will be, to future generations of Orientals, as famous specimens of our nineteenth-century London goldsmiths' work.

Last Saturday the Lord Mayor presided at a musical festival at the Albert Hall in connection with the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley. An address was given by Canon Fleming, in which he referred to some of the main incidents in Luther's life, and glanced at the lessons to be drawn from such a career.



THE RED STAR LINE STEAM-SHIP WESTERLAND.

The Westernland has been built by Messrs. Laird, Birkenhead, for the Red Star Line (Mail Line between Antwerp, New York, Philadelphia). She is the largest vessel which has been built on the Mersey. Her dimensions are: 455 ft. long on main-deck, 47 ft. beam, and 35'2 ft. in depth; gross tonnage, 5500; horse-power, about 4000; dead-weight capacity, 5000. The hull throughout is constructed of steel, with four complete decks, and three of them steel-plated; and amidship a promenade deck 200 ft. long, with deck-house under, turtle-backed forward and aft. Accommodation is provided for 80 first-class, 60 second-class, and 1200

steerage passengers. The ship and engine-room have been fitted throughout with the electric light by Messrs. Siemens. The trial-trip took place on Oct. 6, and a speed of upwards of 14 knots per hour was obtained. The vessel behaved splendidly. She sailed on her first trip from Antwerp to New York on Nov. 3, under the command of Captain George W. Randle, well known to American travellers. Messrs. Laird are building for the same Line another steamer similar in all arrangements to the Westernland, which will be launched in a few weeks.—[Adv't.]

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Price 12s. 6d. Post Free, from the PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, LIMITED, 21, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

From Mrs. BYCROFT, Swanland Manor, Brough, E. R. Yorks, Aug. 5, 1883. "I send 12s. 6d. for one of DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSHES. I like the HAIR BRUSH you sent me; it has done my head good. I believe it is doing my DEAFNESS GOOD, as I can hear much better. I also send 5s. for one of your Electric Combs."

From Miss A. J. A. STANLEY, The Height Grange, Carnforth, Lancashire, Aug. 20, 1883. "I was suffering from a very severe attack of Neuralgia in the head, in fact it was so severe that I was blind for upwards of a week. I procured one of your Dr. Scott's Electric Brushes through our local Chemist, and after using it a few times found relief. I have been using it constantly, and have been free from headache ever since, and feel now much better."

E. P. GUEST, Chemist, Brentwood, Essex, writes:—"Aug. 20, 1883. Send me three dozen of DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSHES, as I get such good accounts of them from my clients. One of my customers, whose head was 'as bald as a bladder of lard,' has quite a thick crop of hair growing from the use of your DR. SCOTT'S BRUSH, which he had of me to cure the headache—this it speedily relieved."

Dr. NICHOLSON PRICE, M.R.C.S., Mount Pleasant, Leeds, writes:—"A patient of mine has been using DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH, she having suffered from NEURALGIA, and informs me that she has received considerable benefit from it. As I am troubled with NERVOUS HEADACHES I should be glad if you would send me one."

From Rev. EDWARD HUSBAND, Incumbent of St. Michael's, Folkestone, Feb. 13, 1883. "GENTLEMEN,—Having used your DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH, during the past year, I am quite willing to testify to its reviving qualities. After hard headwork I often resort to your Brush, and feel quite refreshed. I should never feel inclined to resort to the old-fashioned hair brush again."

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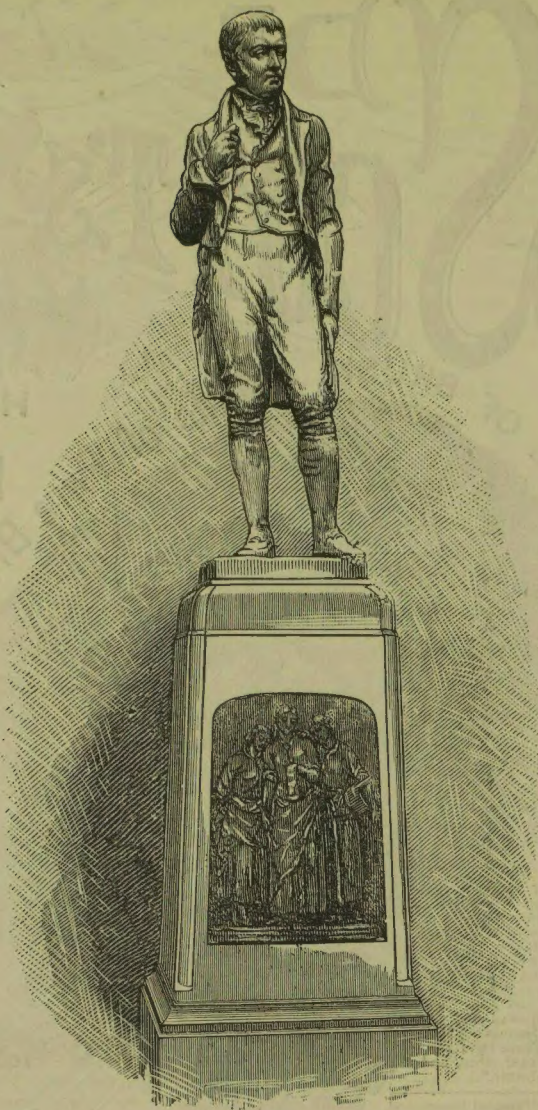


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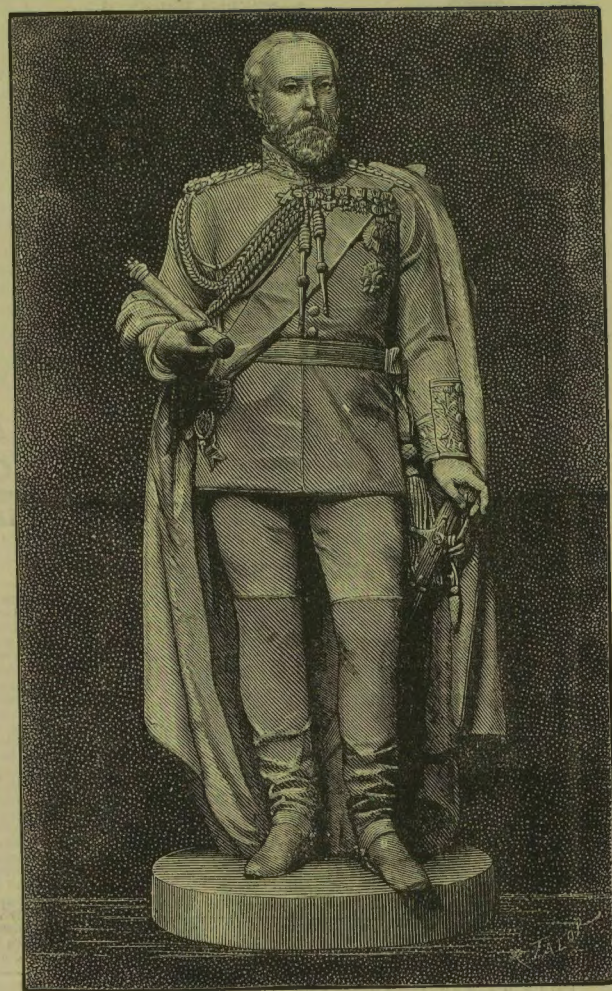
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STATUE OF THE QUEEN, FOR GOVERNMENT OFFICES,
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



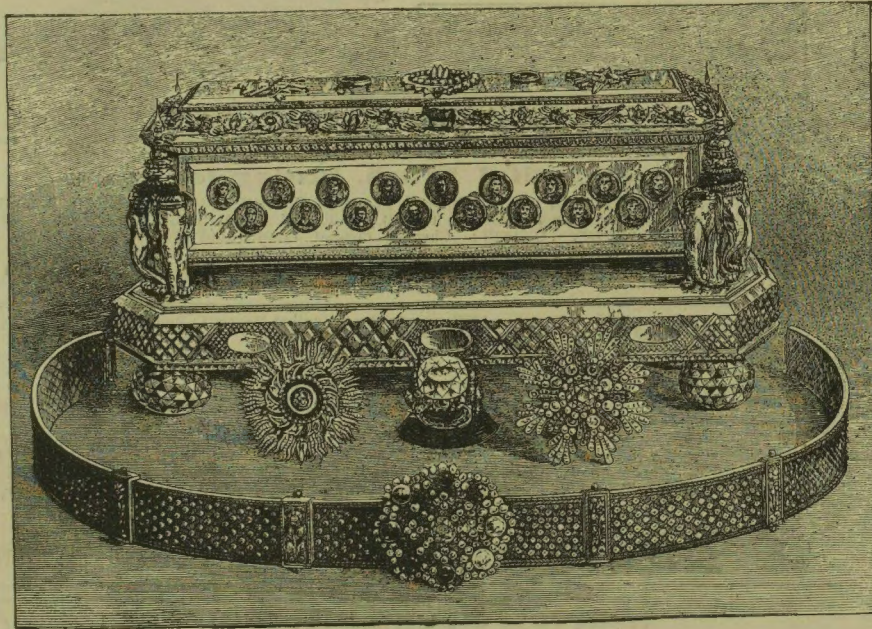
STATUE OF JAMES TANNAHILL, THE POET,
AT PAISLEY.



STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES,
FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE TANNAHILL STATUE AT PAISLEY.

The fame of Robert Burns is widely spread, but another Scottish lyrical poet, James Tannahill, who was born in 1784, and died in 1810, a native of Paisley, and a weaver, is not forgotten in his own country. He sang, in his turn, the love of "my young, my artless dearie, O," inviting that lassie to stray with him o'er Glenkillock's sunny brae, and down Gleniffer's dewy dell, to hear the laverock's singing in the white clouds overhead, while on the briery bank the silvery saughs were full of the downy buds of spring. Paisley, it appears, has not yet, with all the bustling industry of that thriving seat of trade and manufactures, become insensible to the delights of Tannahill's poetry. At the centenary festival of his birth, in 1874, a series of annual concerts, for the singing of his songs, was set on foot, by which a fund of £800 was raised, and two years ago they opened a public subscription for a monument of Tannahill. A bronze statue, the work of Mr. D. W. Stevenson, sculptor, of Edinburgh, A.R.S.A., has been erected on

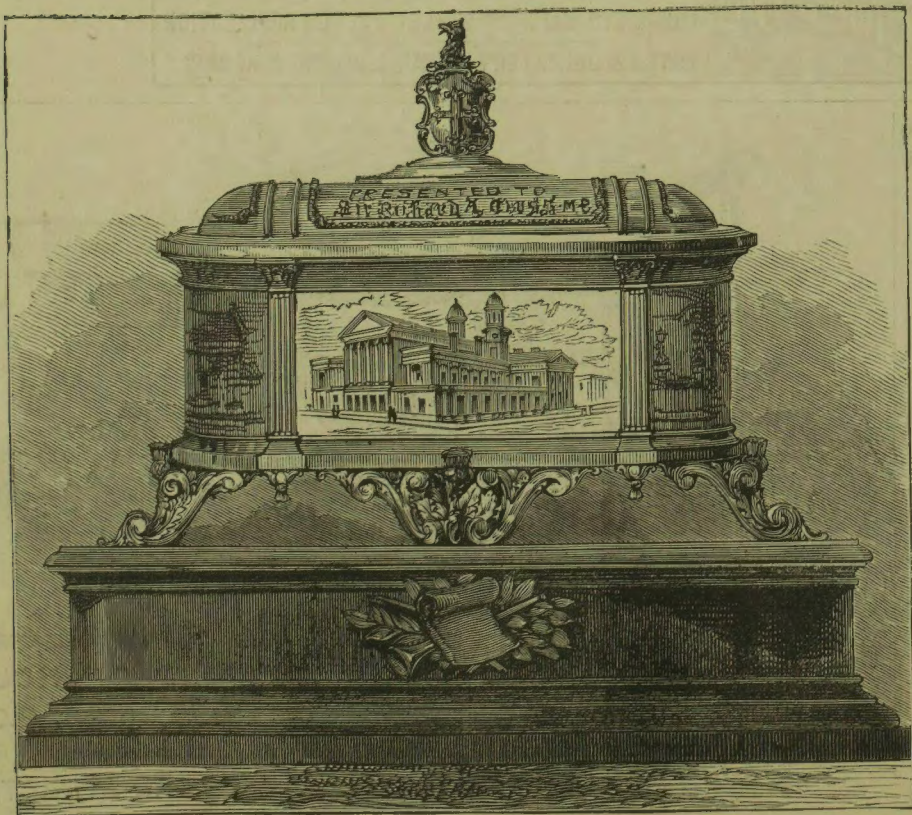


JEWELLERY FOR THE KING OF SIAM.

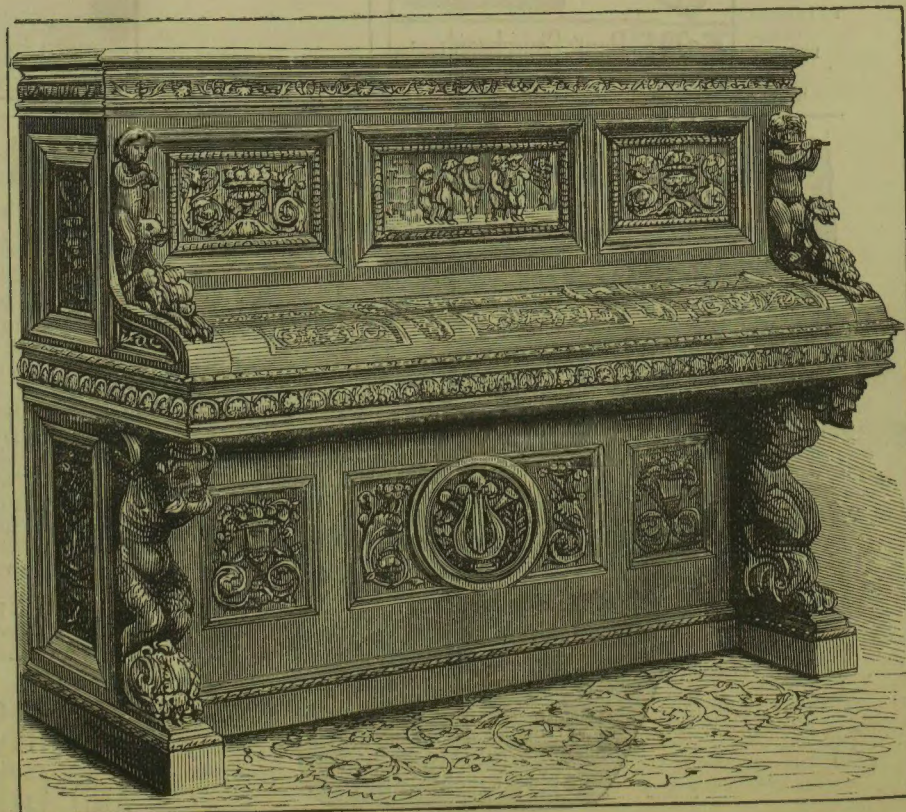
a pedestal of red Aberdeen granite, at the border of the Abbey Churchyard, in front of the "George A. Clark Townhall." We give an illustration of this monument, which was unveiled, on the 20th ult., by Mr. W. Peattie, Chairman of the Tannahill Anniversary Committee, with an appropriate address, supported by Ex-Provost MacKean, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, and was accepted by Provost Clark, with the Bailies and Town Councillors, on behalf of the burgh of Paisley. There was a luncheon afterwards in the picture-gallery of the Townhall.

PIANO FOR THE STEAM-SHIP PARAMATTA.

The beautiful pianoforte, shown in our illustration, has been specially manufactured by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of London, for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's Steam-ship Paramatta. The interior is fitted with the recently patented sostenente improvements, and the decorations of the exterior case have been carved by Signor Carlo Cambi, of Siena.



CASKET OF PAISLEY ADDRESS TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR R. A. CROSS, M.P.



PIANOFORTE FOR PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM-SHIP PARAMATTA.